TB

PRETTY IN PINK

by

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FIFTH DRAFT
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TB

"PRETTY IN PINK"

FADE UP

EXT. LIGHT INDUSTRIAL PLANT

Across the parking lot we see a neighborhood.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Squat bungalows, cars parked in the street.

EXT. BUNGALOW. DAWN

A rundown, one story bungalow. The sun is just breaking the horizon behind the house. A couple of old cars in the driveway. An ALARM CLOCK SOUNDS.

CU. GIRL'S LEG

A pink stocking is drawn up a shapely, young leg.

MUSIC/TITLES

CU. KITCHEN SINK

A dripping faucet. A beer can has been placed beneath the drip and is overflowing with the overnight collection.

CU. GIRL'S BACK

A pink bra strap is fastened.

CU. SNAPSHOT

On a bruised end table, in a Lucite stand-up frame. A seven year old girl beneath a scrawny X-mas tree as five men in sports shirts and slacks affectionately applaud the gift she's just opened.

CU. BED

An odd assortment of old clothing. Hands rummage through the heap selecting pieces.

CU. WAIST

Profile, a strip of pink panty. A skirt is pulled up and fastened at the side.

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CU. SHOES

A heap of girl's shoes and boots. Odd shoes, strange shoes.

CU. PHOTOGRAPH

It's a wedding picture from the mid-sixties. A very pretty young girl and a tall, lean boy.

CU. DESK TOP

A newsprint sketch pad. An unfinished fashion drawing rendered in a distinctive street style.

CU. TOP

A hole in the sleeve is patched with a glittering charm.

CU. FOOT

A foot in a pink stocking slips into a shoe.

CU. BABY FINGER

A stroke of pink nail polish.

CU. DOG

A big, friendly mixed-breed hound with his head resting on his paws, watching.

CU. LIP GLOSS POT

A finger wipes across the tiny pot of pink gloss.

CU. LIPS

The finger slides across a delicate lower lip.

CU. BATHROOM SINK

An old ceramic sink with odd-matched tap handles. Every square inch of surface is covered with make-up.

CU. EYE

Closed. A line of shadow is spread across the lid. A beat and the lid opens to reveal a sparkling brown eye. A blink.

CU. POSTER

A reproduction from Picasso's pink period taped to a cracked wall.

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CU. EAR

A pink metal earring is hung.

CU. DRESSER DRAWER

Girl's hands rifle through a drawer filled with precious but worthless accessories to uncover a rhinestone pin.

CU. CLOSET

The girl's hand runs along a selection of jackets. Picks one and yanks it off it's hanger.

CU. DESK TOP

Chipped pink paint. Coins, keys, a few small bills, a tattered driver's license and a pink pen are scooped into a pink purse. The purse is snapped shut.

CU. SCHOOL BOOKS

A stack of worn and used textbooks, a graffiti-covered binder and a couple of paperbacks. The hands pick up the books. MAIN TITLES END.

INT. HOUSE. HALLWAY

ANDIE WALSH walks out of her room. She's eighteen, tall, willowy, strikingly beautiful. She's dressed in an eclectic mix of cast-offs and mens and women's retro clothes. The outfit is of her own design and creation. She marches down the hall.

ANDIE
Daddy! It's seven thirty!

INT. KITCHEN

Andie pours a cup of coffee.

ANDIE
It's seven thirty!

INT. BEDROOM

Her father, JACK, is asleep in bed. His face is worn and creased with deep lines. He hasn't shaved in days. He's wearing a dago-t and boxer shorts.

ANDIE (OC)
Daddy!

Jack stirs. But doesn't wake.

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INT. KITCHEN

Andie pours milk into the coffee and exits the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Andie crosses a drab living room decorated with cast-off furniture.

ANDIE
Dad! Come on!

INT. BEDROOM

Andie walks in and flashes the light switch. Jack stirs.

ANDIE
Dad!

Jack wakes slowly. He coughs. A deep, ugly cough. He pulls himself up and covers his legs with the twisted bedcovers.

ANDIE
I made you coffee.

JACK
Thanks.

ANDIE
I want you to go drink it, then I want you to take a shower. Then I want you to get dressed. Then I want you to go see that guy about the job. Okay?

Jack smiles at her attentiveness. He nods and coughs.

JACK
What would I do without you nagging me all the time?

ANDIE
You really want me to answer that?

JACK
No. Everything okay with you, huh?

ANDIE
Yeah.

JACK
I've been getting in kinda late. We haven't talked much.

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ANDIE
There hasn't been much to say.

JACK
School good?

ANDIE
No, but it never is.

JACK
You got asked to prom yet?

He's inadvertantly hit on a tender subject.

ANDIE
Not yet.

JACK
You will.

Jack reaches for his cigarettes and lighter.

JACK
When was the last time I told you how pretty you are?

ANDIE
(laughs)
I'm gonna be late.

JACK
It's been a long time.

ANDIE
Don't embarrass me. Get up. I'll see you tonight.

She walks out. Jack pulls a cigarette out of the pack. It's soaking wet.

JACK
Damn her.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL

It's a big, new high school. An affluent school.

INT. HALLWAY

More money walking down the hall. Kids in expensive clothes. Andie rounds a corner and heads down the hall, trying her best to ignore the other kids. She gets a few odd looks but mostly nobody cares about her. Except for a handsome young man, BLANE MCDONOUGH. He's leaning against a wall. Andie passes. We hold on him as he watches her. A long, serious

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look. A couple beats and he sneaks a look as if he's checking to see if anybody saw him observing Andie.

INT. HALLWAY. LOCKER. ANDIE

She's at her locker getting her books. Profile. She closes the locker revealing her friend, DUCKIE DALE, behind the door. His nickname comes from his squat posture and big feet. He's dressed very street and hip. His hair is combed into a mile-high wave. He's wearing round, reflective sunglasses.

DUCKIE
Good morning and welcome to another day of higher education.

Andie smiles.

ANDIE
Hi, Duckie. How're you doing?

Duckie flips his glasses up on his head.

DUCKIE
Not all that bad considering I'm in this dump.
(checks her out)
You look volcanic today.

ANDIE
Volcanic?

DUCKIE
I roast for you.

Andie smiles at him. She opens her locker and throws her books in.

DUCKIE
And you don't roast for me.

ANDIE
I don't even get warm. Sorry.
Are you going to class today?

DUCKIE
It crossed my mind.

ANDIE
Try it, Duck. It's painless.
(pause)
I'll see you at lunch.

Andie smiles. He's sincere. Annoying but harmless. She heads down the hall.

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DUCKIE
May I admire you again today?

ANDIE
If it's that important to you.

He smiles affectionately after her. A pair of girls approach. Duckie flips his glasses down and steps in front of them.

DUCKIE
(sexy)
How would you ladies like to be pregnant for the holidays?

Without hesitation, one of the girls belts him across the head. His glasses go flying.

INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM

Andie is listening to a lecture. She's paying attention to the teacher. Not to the scrutiny of the girls next to her.

CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

She senses that she's being observed. She looks out the corner of her eye. She sighs. This is nothing new. She continues listening to the lecture.

TEACHER

She sees the girls looking at and commenting on Andie.

TEACHER
Is something bothering you ladies?

THE GIRLS

Caught. They straighten up and shake their heads, no.

TEACHER

She isn't satisfied.

TEACHER
Andie? Is there something going on between you and these ladies?

ANDIE

She shakes her head. She's bored with the girls.

ANDIE
(matter of fact)
Not that I'm aware of.

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CLASS

Other richies in the class observe with catty smiles.

ZOID BOY

One of Andie's kind. He watches the proceedings with anger.

ANDIE

She sinks in her seat. The teacher, rather than make it better, is making it worse.

ANDIE
(to herself)
Just shut up, lady. Please.

TEACHER

She looks at Andie.

TEACHER
I apologize on behalf of my class.

ANDIE

She nods, just wishing everybody would forget her.

TEACHER

She does the unthinkable.

TEACHER
Ms. Trombley and Ms. Hanson will be thinking of you tonight...
(to the class)
...as they analyze an extra sonnet.

THE TWO GIRLS

Their faces freeze.

ANDIE

She raises her hand.

ANDIE
Don't bother with the sonnets. Don't worry about it. Everything's cool.

Andie looks across at the girls.

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THE GIRLS

They stare at Andie. One of them raises her hand.

GIRL
We'll take the sonnets.

She throws Andie an icy smile.

ANDIE

She returns it.

EXT. EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

A bland, barren government office building.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE

Jack's sitting across a steel desk from a state employment COUNSELOR. A woman in her late thirties. Jack's wearing a suit and tie. He's uncomfortable. His hair's combed and he's clean-shaven. The counselor's looking through a file. She's officious and prim. Jack's smoking. He leans forward to tip his ash. There's no ashtray. He looks at the councelor. His eyes shift down.

CU. JACK'S PANT CUFF

He tips his ash in his cuff.

INT. OFFICE

The counselor looks up from the file.

COUNSELOR
You were in construction?

Jack nods nervously.

COUNSELOR
You haven't been able to find anything in that line of work?

Jack shakes his head, no. The counselor lays the file down. She looks across at Jack.

COUNSELOR
In two years you haven't been able to find anything?

JACK
I'm an ornamental iron worker. If things are booming, I'm working. If not, I'm home. I've been home a long time.

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COUNSELOR
Two years?

JACK
Two years.

COUNSELOR
There hasn't been any call for your services in twenty four months?

JACK
I could probably find work if I went out of state but I've got a daughter and I don't want to uproot her. She's finishing school.

COUNSELOR
What have you been getting by on?

Jack takes offense to the personal nature of the question.

JACK
My daughter works after school. She's pretty self-sufficient. I take a little limo and taxi work here and there.
(pause)
You want to know how often I shave, what I read in the john?

The councelor looks at him annoyance.

COUNSELOR
(continues)
Can I assume you're divorced?

JACK
Not officially.

The counselor doesn't understand. Jack explains.

JACK
My wife took off on us after my daughter was born. I couldn't divorce somebody who vanished.

COUNSELOR
You have just the one child?

JACK
My daughter. Andie. Real nice kid. Great kid. It's kinda tough on her, me being out of work. She's leaving in the fall and knowing the kind of kid she is, she's gonna worry...

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JACK (CONT'D)
...about me. I'd like to put myself back in some kind of shape before she leaves. You know what I'm saying?

The counselor nods. A little warmth slips through.

JACK
I want to get something going soon. I don't care what it is.

COUNSELOR
Your options are somewhat limited but if you're willing, I'm sure something will come by.

Jack's mood lifts.

JACK
I'll tell you, if you could scare up an executive deal, my daughter'd shit daffodils.

The councelor stares at Jack.

JACK
You like daffodils?

EXT. SCHOOL. PARKING LOT

A handsome young man, a senior, STEFF MCKEE, is leaning against a new but battered Porsche 944. He dressed in a wrinkled designer suit. He runs his hand through his windblown blonde hair. He's an arrogant little bastard. He's looking across the parking lot.

HIS POV

Andie's coming across the parking lot. She looks up and sees Steff.

HER POV

Steff's car is parked next to Andie's elderly Toyota.

CU. ANDIE

She clearly doesn't want to talk to Steff.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Andie continues to her car. Steff watches her.

STEFF
We graduate in a month, Andie.

Andie looks across the roof of her car at him. She doesn't say anything.

STEFF
When are you and me gonna get together and do something?

Andie puts her key in her door lock.

ANDIE
How about never?

STEFF
I'm talking more than sex.

ANDIE
No, you're not.

STEFF
I've liked you for four years and you treat me like shit. What's the problem?

ANDIE
No problem.

STEFF
I've been out with alot of girls at this school. What makes you so different?

ANDIE
I have some taste.

Steff smiles.

STEFF
That's cute. Look, I'm not going to ask you again.

ANDIE
I'd appreciate that.

Steff's smile fades.

STEFF
You know, you're a bitch.

Andie doesn't like anybody, especially not Steff, calling her a bitch. She glares at him.

STEFF
You should see a doctor. You have a major problem.

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He gets into his car and pulls out. Andie watches him go.

EXT. MALL. RECORD STORE. AFTERNOON

It's a high-tone outdoor mall. Music's playing. Loud.

INT. RECORD STORE

Andie's working in the store. She's sitting behind the counter, reading a Japanese fashion magazine. She reads for a beat. Then she sneaks a look around to see if she's being watched. She turns the magazine upside down and goes back to reading. She was reading it wrong side up.

INT. STORE. OPPOSITE WALL

Andie's manager is a thirty five year-old ex-peace bum, IONA. She's thin and severe. She's wearing her bleached blonde hair in a sky-high beehive. She's across the store from Andie creating a promo display of album flats. She steps back from her display. She's pleased with it. She crosses to the counter.

IONA
Is that classy or what?

Andie studies the display.

ANDIE
It's great.

IONA
I'm very, very good at this.
(clicks her tongue)
It's such a waste that I have to run a lowly little retail outlet.

ANDIE
Not if you're good at it.

IONA
I'm good in bed. Should I be a whore?

Andie smiles. Iona takes a sip of coffee.

ANDIE
Did you say you went to your Prom?

IONA
Yeah, sure.

ANDIE
Was it terrible?

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IONA
The shits. That's what it's supposed to be. But you have to go. Right?

Andie shrugs.

IONA
It's as much a part of the young female experience as flipping out when you get your first period and about as much fun, but I went. And I don't regret it. You going to yours?

ANDIE
I'm not sure.

IONA
You should. The memories are good. You'll need them when you grow-up and your life turns to shit.

She suddenly grabs the staple gun, whirls around, assumes a cop stance and fires a staple.

CU. BOY

A preteen BOY rubs his stinging cheek.

IONA

She scolds the boy.

IONA
I spent an hour putting that up, I don't need you screwing with it!

BOY

He scowls at Iona.

BOY
You missed my eye by an inch!

IONA

She holds the staple gun on the kid.

IONA
(nasty snarl)
I wasn't warmed up!

She takes aim.

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INT. STORE

The kid takes off. He nearly rams into Blane, the boy we saw watching Andie in the hallway, as he walks into the store.

CU. ANDIE

She glances up at him.

CU. BLANE

Blane catches her eye. They hold the look. Everything stops.

CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

She keeps her eye on Blane.

CU. BLANE

Her look's too strong. He turns away nervously.

CU. ANDIE

She keeps watching him. THE LOOK!!

INT. STORE. BLANE

He glances across at Andie. Catches her looking at him. Looks away.

INT. STORE. ANDIE AND IONA

TIME HAS FROZEN. WE DON'T EXPLAIN. IT JUST STOPPED. Iona lays the gun down.

IONA
Sorry. So, when's your Prom?

ANDIE.
A couple weeks.

IONA
You going?

ANDIE
I'm not sure. Most of the guys I know wouldn't touch it.

Andie glances across the store to Blane.

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IONA
I know where that one's parked. My boyfriend flat-out refused to take me. I had to go with a friend of my brother's.
(recollection)
Nice guy. Not bad looking.
(beat)
He was twenty six.

The telephone rings. Iona takes it and walks around behind the counter. Andie looks back at the Blane.

IONA
(to the phone)
Department of Streets and Sanitation. May I help you?
(pause)
Yeah, right. Tyrone, you blow. I'm working. Leave me alone.

INT. STORE. BLANE

Blane has selected a record. He heads to the counter.

INT. STORE. COUNTER

Iona continues her conversation. Andie notices Blane heading for the counter. She quickly turns around and looks at her reflection in a compact disc case. She brushes away a stray eyelash.

IONA
(to the phone)
That's thrilling. I cook for you, I do your laundry, I sleep with you and now you need a ride to work. Why don't you grow up?

Iona turns away as Blane steps up to the counter. Andie turns to him. She tries to make it seem like she didn't know he was approaching. He's very nervous. There's an exchange of looks as neither one knows how to open the conversation.

BLANE
How's it going?

ANDIE
Fine.

BLANE
That's good.

The conversation dies.

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IONA
Listen, asshole, everytime you go to the john, you lose IQ points...

Blane looks at Iona. She smiles.

IONA
(motions to the phone)
Walter Mondale.

She turns away.

ANDIE
You need some help?

BLANE
Yeah. As a matter of fact. Yeah. I do.

Andie smiles at his nervousness.

BLANE
Can I get your opinion on something?

ANDIE
Maybe.

Blane hands her the album.

BLANE
Is this any good?

Andie looks at the album. Then she looks at Blane.

CU. ALBUM

It's a Dolly Parton album.

INT. STORE

Blane looks at her. Serious. Straight-faced. Andie looks at the album again. She can't believe he likes it. She looks up at Blane. He's smiling. He's putting her on. She goes along with it.

ANDIE
It's incredible.

He likes that she gets the joke. He continues it.

BLANE
Great. I'll take it.

ANDIE
Cash or charge?
(with an impish smile)
American Express Gold Card?

Blane smiles at the joke. It's a little embarrassing for him that she's so cleanly nailed his social standing.

BLANE
Cash.

Blane pulls out his wallet. He withdraws a ten. Andie takes it. He holds it. She pulls it free and rings up the sale. She hands him his change and bags the record.

BLANE
Thanks for your help.

She hands him the record.

ANDIE
Enjoy it.

BLANE
I'm sure I will.

He gives her a smile and backs away from the counter. Andie returns the smile. She sits back down on the chair. Iona concludes her call.

IONA
Bondage has no place in my life. Anymore. Look, we'll talk tonight. I'm busy making a living.

She thinks for a moment. Then she begrudgingly kisses the phone and hangs up.

IONA
Don't live past thirty, Andie. Love turns into sex and sex turns into work. Work turns into torture and torture turns into love and love turns into sex and so on and on and on. I'm gonna go have a smoke.

Andie's still looking out the door. Iona checks her out.

IONA
You alright?

ANDIE
Yeah. Why?

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IONA
I don't know. You look like somebody just kissed your heart and felt-up your soul.

ANDIE
I'm fine.

IONA
You're all red in the face.

Andie feels her cheek.

IONA
You don't have to hide it.

ANDIE
I'm not hiding anything.

IONA
He's pretty cute.

ANDIE
(drops her defenses)
You think so?

IONA
Why do you think I'm going for a smoke?

She gives Andie a wink and exits. Andie watches her for a beat then looks out into the mall.

ANDIE
(unconvincing)
No way...

EXT. STREET

Blane and a couple other guys are hanging around their cars. Blane is quiet and pensive. He's got his eye on the record store. SLAUGHTER by Black Uhuru FADES UP.

INT. NIGHTCLUB

It's dark, mysterious and loud. SLAUGHTER continues.

INT. NIGHTCLUB. BOOTH

Andie, her best friend, JENA and her boyfriend, SIMON, are sitting at a small table. Jena's cute but rough. Simon's a vacant, distant goof. Hair standing on end, studded ear, Elvis sideburns. He's chewing on a plastic straw. They've been at the club all evening.

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ANDIE
Jen...?

JENA
Yeah?

ANDIE
Would you ever go out with somebody who had money?

Jena turns slowly and stares at Andie.

ANDIE
No?

Jena holds her stare.

JENA
Do sheep wear sweaters?

ANDIE
Somebody can't help being born with money anymore than somebody can help being born...without...

Jena stares.

ANDIE
(looks around Jena to Simon)
Simon?

ANDIE
What would you do if your father was loaded?

SIMON
(without hesitation)
Kiss his ass.

Andie looks at Jena. She's still staring.

ANDIE
See?

JENA
See, what?

ANDIE
What Simon said.

JENA
What are you getting at, Andie? Are you going out with a richie or something?

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ANDIE
Me? You think I'm...

JENA
Are you fantasizing about one?

ANDIE
Fantasizing?

JENA
Wishing?

Andie looks at her watch.

ANDIE
I gotta split.

JENA
You didn't answer my question.

ANDIE
(ignores Jena)
Simon? It's been stimulating.

Simon smiles and nods. Andie grabs her purse and slides out of her chair.

JENA
Andie? You're kidding, right?

Andie pauses a moment then smiles.

JENA
I knew it. Thank God.

ANDIE
See you Monday.

EXT. CLUB

Duckie and a huge BOUNCER are sitting on beat-up folding chairs in back of the bar.

DUCKIE
How long have I been coming down here, Jimbo?

BOUNCER
Couple years.

DUCKIE
We're buddies, right?

Duckie offers the bouncer his bag of potato chips.

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BOUNCER
Yeah. I guess so.

DUCKIE
Okay. How many times have you let me in?

BOUNCER
I never let you in.

DUCKIE
That's what I'm getting at, Jimbo. My girlfriend's in there. And I'm out here. You're a sensitive guy, you have to know how that hurts.

BOUNCER
How come she comes here when she knows I don't let you in?

DUCKIE
I don't know. It's a mystery to me. But how can a guy expect to enjoy a fruitful relationship with a lady when he can't accompany her to her favorite waterhole?

BOUNCER
Love is a bitch, Duck.

DUCKIE
That's the plain truth, brother.

Duckie holds his hand up. The bouncer slaps it. The club door opens and Andie shuffles out. She sees Duckie and stops behind him.

BOUNCER
You go for one lady at a time, huh?

DUCKIE
Basically.

DUCKIE
Multiple relations get too confusing. It's embarrassing as hell waking up in some broad's penthouse and not remembering her name.

Andie smiles at the size of the lie.

ANDIE
Hi, Duckie.

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Duckie freezes. Andie snickers and walks past him, heading for her car.

DUCKIE
I been caught bad, buddy. I gotta run.

Duckie darts out of the chair.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Duckie catches up to Andie.

DUCKIE
Hi, Andie. What I was saying back there...

Andie looks at him, suppressing a smile.

DUCKIE
Total bullshit. Jimbo's pretty stupid. He buys anything I say.

ANDIE
Were you here long?

DUCKIE
Nah. Three, four hours.
(pause)
Have a good time?

ANDIE
Yeah.

DUCKIE
What now?

ANDIE
Bed.

DUCKIE
Yours or mine?

Andie stares at Duckie.

DUCKIE
Ours?

Andie laughs.

ANDIE
Nice try.

She walks on ahead to her car.

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DUCKIE
Can you give me a lift home?

ANDIE
Yeah.

DUCKIE
Can I put my head in your lap?

Andie unlocks her car. She ignores him.

DUCKIE
Can I rest it on your shoulder and help you steer?

Andie gets in. She reaches over and unlocks Duckie's door. He opens the door.

DUCKIE
Andie, I'm kidding. I only do this because I know it'll never happen. It's a joke.

He gets in and closes the door.

DUCKIE'S VOICE
One kiss...?
(pause)
Is this too sad? Too desparate?

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET. NIGHT

The rich section. Andie's car cruises down the street.

INT. CAR

Andie's looking out at the houses. Duckie's playing with the cassette player. He doesn't let any song play longer than three beats before fast forwarding the tape.

ANDIE
These houses are amazing, Duck.

DUCK
First million I make, I buy you one. I hate this song.

ANDIE
They're so beautiful.

DUCK
You want beauty, look in the mirror. This tape is horrible.

He switches it off.

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DUCK
I must be going through a hormone thing, every song I listen to makes me sick. Why can't I find a decent song?

EXT. STREET

Andie's car pulls over and stops.

INT. CAR

Andie looks out the window at the houses.

ANDIE
That one's my favorite.

Duckie thinks she's refering to the song.

DUCKIE
Are you deaf?

ANDIE
The house, Duck.

He looks out the window.

HIS POV

Through the car window, we see a rambling stone mansion.

INT. CAR

Andie and Duckie look out at the house.

DUCK
Nice little crib.
(retruns to music)
I'm yearning for a good ballad.

ANDIE
I wonder what it's like inside.

DUCK
What difference does it make?

ANDIE
None. I just think it's pretty.

DUCK
Yeah, but I'll bet the guy that owns it doesn't think it's so pretty when he has to cut the grass.

Andie stares at him. She smiles at his ignorance.

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DUCK
It's gotta be an all day affair.

ANDIE
(with a knowing smile)
At least.
(pause)
The sad thing is, the people who live there probably just take it for granted. They probably don't think it's half as beautiful as I do.

DUCK
(serious, contemplative)
Probably. But you don't have to cut the grass.

Andie gives Duckie a smile and pulls out.

DUCKIE (VO)
You know, Andie? It's true. They don't write love songs like they used to.

Another SONG starts.

EXT. HOUSE

Andie's car pulls away. We hold a beat on the house.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL. DAY

It's Monday. School's in.

INT. LIBRARY

Students are studying silently.

ANDIE

She's at a computer terminal, requesting information from a source bank.

SCREEN

She's doing a paper on the WPA. We see her information come up on the screen.

"More than 8,500,000 men and women were employed in building and improvement jobs, and...

Her source feed is interupted and a pirate message comes up.

"...do you want to talk?"

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CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

She cocks her head in bewilderment. She taps her ENTER key.

SCREEN

"I'm waiting."

CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

She looks over her shoulder. She's baffled.

KEYBOARD

Andie taps out a message of her own and enters it.

SCREEN

"Who are you?"

A beat and:

"An admirer."

INT. LIBRARY

Andie's head pokes up over the cubicles as she looks around to see if she can detect who's sending her the messages. She drops back down.

ANDIE

She enters another message.

SCREEN

"Where are you?"

A reply.

"Seventh level, Planet 9. Load a driver's ed. program and meet me there."

INT. SCHOOL COMPUTER CENTER

Blane is at a terminal, waiting for Andie. An ADMINISTRATOR walks past. He's a grown-up chiphead in a powder blue cardigan sweater, slacks, dress shirt and navy blue sneakers.

BLANE

Hi, Mr. Rogers.

TB

CHIPHEAD
How're you doing, Blane?

BLANE
Great, sir. I think I found the problem.

CHIPHEAD
Games?

BLANE
Yep. In the driver's ed. program.

INT. LIBRARY. CUBICLE. ANDIE

She loads the driver's ed program.

SCREEN

It flashes with numbers, cars, street signs, rules of the road. Big teeth enter from bottom and top screen and "bite" the driver's ed information into red. The words, "WELCOME TO PLANET 9" appear on the screen. The screen flashes through the color spectrum and an orb appears. The orb enlarges as we enter Planet 9.

CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

She watches the screen with fascination. She smiles.

INT. COMPUTER CENTER

Blane enters information.

SCREEN

Blane has created a woman for his man and the couple are in an embrace.

INT. COMPUTER CENTER

Blane's working away at the terminal, enjoying the strange meeting as much Andie.

CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

She bites her lip and nervously enters another message.

ANDIE
(as she types)
"When do I get to find out who you are?"

INT. COMPUTER CENTER. BLANE

He pauses. There's a reason he's meeting her this way. He

TB

enters his reply.

ANDIE'S SCREEN

"I respect your musical opinions."

CU. ANDIE

She looks up from the screen.

ANDIE
Oh, my God!

She types a hasty message. She says it aloud as she types.

ANDIE
(one word at a time)
Can we get off your planet and meet somewhere on Earth?

INT. LIBRARY

A dozen computer users are looking over their cubicles toward Andie's. They slowly drop down as they realize they really don't want to know what's going on.

INT. BUILDING

Jack walks down the hall slowly, looking for the office cubicle where his appointment is. He's dressed in an old suit. He's carrying a newspaper. He nods nervously to a passing clerical worker. He spots the office where he's supposed to be.

INT. OFFICE

The councelor we saw before is behind his desk, sorting papers. Jack appears in the doorway and taps on the door frame.

JACK
Hello?

The councelor looks up. She sees Jack and clucks her tongue. Jack comes in and sits down. He reaches into his coat for a cigarette.

COUNCELOR
It's Wednesday.

The councelor reaches into her desk drawer and produces an ashtray. It's as if she's gone and gotten one special for Jack. Jack smiles his thanks and lights his cigarette.

TB

COUNCLOR
Your appointment was for Monday.

JACK
(surprised)
You're kidding? I could swear when you called, you said Tuesday.

COUNCELOR
That's still not Wednesday, Mr. Walsh.

JACK
I'm sorry. I feel bad about this.

COUNCELOR
But not bad enough to do much about it.

JACK
Things slip my mind, I guess.

The councelor sighs. She's seen and heard all this before. She closes the file folder and leans back in her chair.

COUNCELOR
I had a line on something for you but that was Monday. I couldn't reach you.

Jack stares at her.

COUNCELOR
Sorry.

EXT. ANDIE'S HOUSE. DAY

The front lawn's mowed. Most of the junk is cleaned up.

EXT. BACKYARD

Jack and Duckie are sitting on the patio. Jack's been working all morning. T-shirt and workpants. Sleeves rolled up. He's drinking a beer. Duckie's drinking a juice box. They're sitting on worn-out lawn chairs.

DUCKIE
The lawn looks marvelous.

Jack nods.

THEIR POV

Short-cropped patches of dry grass.

TB

JACK AND DUCKIE

Duckie finishes off his juice box and crushes it as if it were a beer can.

DUCKIE
I wish I'd arrived earlier so that I could have helped you out.

JACK
Thanks but I needed the exercise.

DUCKIE
Cardiovascular type thing?

JACK
Whatever.

DUCKIE
It's good exercise. I had a landscaping business back in the sixth grade. Ran it for a couple months then sold out to sixth graders.

JACK
How're your folks?

Duckie looks away. It's not a pleasant subject.

DUCKIE
It's hard to say. They split up again.

JACK
Sorry to hear that.

DUCKIE
It's no big deal. My Dad went back to Milwaukee. And since I'm not real crazy about my Mom's lifestyle I'm staying with my brother. It's cool. He doesn't give me too much shit. Pardon my French.

Jack nods. He pops open another beer.

DUCKIE
You know, Jack...can I call you Jack?

JACK
Sure.

DUCKIE
You can call me Duckie.

JACK
I do.

TB

DUCKIE
Right. Anyway, Jack, the reason for my visit, other than I'd been planning for sometime now to drop in and see you anyway, the reason I came over is I want to talk about Andie.

Jack looks curiously at Duck.

DUCKIE
She's an incredible individual.

Jack smiles.

DUCKIE
And I'm beholding to you for having the foresight to create her. She's the joy of my life. Your's too, I presume.

Jack nods.

DUCKIE
I'm there for her, Jack. Whenever, however. I'm there. You can rest assured that she's covered. I don't want you to worry because my only future plans are to see that she's taken care of.

JACK
That's nice of you, Duckie. Real nice.

DUCKIE
I'd like to marry her.

Jack stares at Duckie.

DUCKIE
Not today. Eventually.

JACK
Does Andie know how you feel?

DUCKIE
No confirmation on it yet. I'm laying the groundwork. I'm thinking in terms of supporting her, housing, basic needs type of stuff. I'll get that together, then, you know, I'll lay it on her. You can understand that, can't you?

JACK
Oh yeah. In fact, I once felt the same way about somebody.

TB

DUCKIE
A girl?

Jack smiles. Duckie realizes what he's said. He shakes his head in embarrassment.

JACK
She was everything. The sun, the moon. My every waking breath...

Duckie puts his hand on Jack's shoulder. Very adult. Buddy-buddy.

DUCKIE
You're singing my song, Jackson!

JACK
That's what I'm afraid of.

DUCKIE
How so?

JACK
As far as I can tell, Duckie, love is a natural thing. It can't be forced. You can't force somebody to love you.

Duckie's listening but he's not hearing.

DUCKIE
Jack, you're a very bright man. Have you ever considered writing a book?

JACK
Listen to me, son. You can love Andie but that won't mean she'll love you. It doesn't mean she won't -but I'm saying don't think you can make it happen. It will or it won't. It's all in the heart and the heart doesn't listen to the brain. You understand?

DUCKIE
Perfectly, Jack.

JACK
Love is strange.

DUCKIE
Ian and Sylvia.

JACK
Huh?

TB

DUCKIE
The song. Love Is Strange. Ian and Sylvia did it. Good tune. Corny but true.

JACK
You're not listening to me.

DUCKIE
Au contrare, Jack. You're coming in loud and clear.

Jack smiles at Duckie. He sighs and slaps Duck's back.

JACK
What the hell, Duck. I never listened either.

He sets his empty beer can down and gets up.

JACK
I gotta go. I have an appointment with the vacuum cleaner.

DUCKIE
You're on kind of a home improvement jag, huh?

JACK
Turning the old life around.

DUCKIE
Hey, more power to you. Tina Turner did it. Jack Walsh can do it, too. I'm off like a dirty shirt.

Duckie pats Jack and splits. Jack waits a beat.

JACK
Tina who?

INT. RECORD STORE

Andie has her back to the store. She's trying on sunglasses. She has on a ridiculous pair of glasses with pink flamingos on the ear pieces. Behind her, we see Blane approach.

BLANE'S POV

Andie turns around with the dumb glasses on. She sees Blane and panics. She whips the glasses off. They go flying.

INT. STORE. RECORD BIN

A KID's looking through the albums. The glasses land in the

TB

bin he's looking through. He looks up at the ceiling wondering where the glasses came from.

INT. STORE. ANDIE AND BLANE

Andie tries clumsily to explain herself and cover her embarrassment.

ANDIE
Hi! Hello. We just got those glasses in and...they're really...

BLANE
I didn't like that album I got the other day.

ANDIE
...dumb. What?

BLANE
The album I bought. It was too...

ANDIE
Hip?

BLANE
Yeah. Could you recommend something a little less political?

ANDIE
(with a smile)
Lionel Ritchie?

She steps around behind the counter. Suddenly, the burglar alarm goes off. A terrible RING! from the backroom.

ANDIE
Damn!
(to Blane)
I'm here alone. Hold on.

She hurries through the store.

INT. BACKROOM

It's a stock room and office. Duckie's leaning against the desk. He's trying to look casual. Andie bursts into the room. She stops dead when she sees Duckie.

DUCKIE
(yells over the alarm)
Hi! How's your day?

Andie crosses to the alarm box. She gives Duckie an angry

look as she fishes a key out of the desk and turns off the alarm.

DUCKIE
That baby pumps out about 300 decibels, huh?

ANDIE
Did you do this?

DUCKIE
I'm not sure. I was using your restroom and I decided not to disturb you so I was going to go out the back door. I just touched it. You know the rest.

INT. STORE

Blane's waiting for Andie. Steff and a couple FRIENDS cruise by. Blane tries for a moment to avoid being seen. Impossible. Steff questions him.

STEFF
What're you doing?

BLANE
Nothing. Checking some tunes.

STEFF
Find anything?

BLANE
Not really.

STEFF
You cut out on me after school. And special reason?

INT. BACKROOM

Andie's resetting the alarm.

ANDIE
How'd you get back here?

DUCKIE
Are you mad?

ANDIE
Yes, I'm mad. There're public bathrooms all over the place.

TB

DUCKIE
Hey, I'm not nine, Andie. I know that.
(pause)
It's the end of the month. Everybody's out of toilet seat covers.

ANDIE
Sometimes I can't understand you.

DUCKIE
I screwed-up. I'm sorry. I don't have anything to do. I like coming here. Excuse me very much.

Andie sighs.

ANDIE
It's okay. I didn't mean to get so mad. It's okay.
(pause)
I have to get back out in front.

She exits the room. Duckie grits his teeth in anger with himself.

INT. STORE

Andie comes out of the stock room. She stops and looks around the store.

HER POV

It's empty except for the little kid. He's wearing the sunglasses Andie tossed.

CU. ANDIE

Her face drops as she realizes Blane's split on her. A beat and the alarm goes off again. She turns.

HER POV

Duckie comes out of the store room.

DUCKIE
I didn't touch it! I swear!

INT. ANDIE'S ROOM. NIGHT

She's sitting on the bed running through her phone messages. They're all from Duckie.

TB

DUCKIE'S VOICE
It's 6:05, Duckie Dale, call me. BEEP!
It's 6:15, Duckie Dale, call me. BEEP!
Andie? Where are you? Duck. Call me.
It's 6:28. BEEP!

ANDIE
Why doesn't he call me? Damn.

DUCKIE'S VOICE
This is Duckie. Are you really home and just not picking up? If so I feel like a giant asshole. It's 6:31. Call me. Please.

Andie flips off the machine and lays back on the bed. The phone rings. Andie picks it up.

ANDIE
Duckie, I'll talk to you in the morning.

She hangs up and turns off the light.

EXT. ANDIE'S HOUSE. MORNING

The sunrises behind the bungalow.

INT. SHOWER STALL

Andie's in the shower. Music's blasting from her box.

ANDIE
DADDY! GET OUT OF BED!

CLOSE-UP. FRYING PAN

A pair of eggs are cooking. A spatula comes into frame and very gently and delicately slides under one of the eggs.

CLOSE-UP. JACK

He's cooking the eggs. He's concentrating like a brain surgeon. His tongue runs back and forth across his upper lip as he prepares to flip the egg.

JACK
(softly)
One, two...three!

He flicks the spatula.

INT. KITCHEN

The egg flies over Jack and lands on the floor in front of

TB

Andie's mutt dog.

CLOSE-UP. DOG

He opens his eyes and looks at the treasure that's dropped out of the sky and landed at his nose. He hungrily devours the egg.

INT. KITCHEN

Jack looks at the dog with disgust. Andie comes down the narrow hall and into the kitchen. She's wearing an old men's bathrobe. She's drying her hair with a towel stolen from a Holiday Inn. She's surprised to see her father up.

ANDIE
What are you doing up? I didn't wake you yet.

Jack turns from the stove with the remaining egg on a plate.

JACK
I made you breakfast. One egg, sunnyside up.
(looks at the dog)
And I fed the dog.

Andie grabs the dog's ears and give him an affectionate shake.

ANDIE
Did Daddy feed you, Flip?

She walks over to the counter and starts to clean up the mess he's made.

JACK
Your egg?

ANDIE
I don't eat eggs, Daddy. You have it.

She walks him over to the table, takes the plate from him and sets it down.

ANDIE
I'll make your coffee.

JACK
Since when don't you like eggs?

TB

ANDIE
Since about birth. I never eat breakfast. Don't worry about it.
(kisses the top of his head)
You didn't tell me why you're up?

JACK
It's morning.

She fills the coffee pot with water.

JACK
You mean why didn't you have to drag my ass out of bed and scold me?

ANDIE
Okay.

JACK
I have to go to work. I got a...job.

Andie turns from the counter. She's smiling.

ANDIE
No.

Jack nods.

ANDIE
Where?

JACK
I'm not telling you 'till I start.

ANDIE
When's that?

JACK
Soon.

He stands up and takes her in his arms. She squeezes him hard.

ANDIE
I'm really proud you got the job.

JACK
It's no big deal, honey.

ANDIE
Yeah, it is.

TB

She breaks the embrace and kisses his cheek.

ANDIE
I'm gonna be late. You can tell me more tonight.

JACK
Alright. It's gonna be good.

She exits. Jack sits down, ashamed at himself for lying to his daughter. He looks at Flip.

CLOSE-UP. FLIP

He snarls at Jack.

JACK

He leans back from the dog.

JACK
Alright, so I lied.

EXT. STUDENT COURTYARD

Andie's sitting on a bench. She's drawing, eating her lunch. The courtyard is the domain of the freaks and misfits.

EXT. COURTYARD. ENTRANCE

Blane stands in the doorway from the school to the courtyard. He's watching Andie. He looks over his shoulder to make sure no one's watching him. Then he eases into the courtyard. He's uncomfortable being so out of his territory. Freaks and motorheads watch him with scorn. He acknowledges them politely and walks over to Andie.

CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

She looks up and sees Blane. She gives him a smile.

EXT. COURTYARD

Blane sits down next to her.

BLANE
How're you doing?

ANDIE
Fine. You?

BLANE
I'm okay. You?

TB

ANDIE
I said I was fine.

BLANE
(limp laugh)
Oh, yeah. Sorry.

ANDIE
It's okay. This is your first time out here, huh?

BLANE
Yeah.

Blane looks around.

HIS POV

The disapproving looks of the freaks.

BLANE

He clears his throat and turns away from the nasty looks.

BLANE
I guess I'm not too popular out here.

ANDIE
You do just fine inside.

BLANE
Not really. I'm not all that into their shit.

ANDIE
It's okay. I liked your planet.

BLANE
(smiles)
Thanks. I've crashed the entire school district system.

ANDIE
You're clever, huh?

Blane looks over his shoulder nervously.

ANDIE
You late for something?

BLANE
Yeah, a little. Look, what I wanted to say was do you want to go out or something Friday?

e pauses. Her being asked out by a cake-eater is ething she never anticipated.

ANDIE
Friday's okay.

BLANE
Where do you live?

Andie's smile fades. She doesn't want to tell him.

BLANE
Where do you live?

ANDIE
Pick me up at the mall. Trax.

BLANE
Sure.

He gets up and plants his hands in his pockets.

BLANE
Okay.

He backs away and turns. He heads back across the courtyard.

CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

She watches him go. Then she smiles.

INT. SCHOOL. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE COURTYARD

Blane walks in and starts quickly down the hall to get as much distance between him and the freak courtyard as possible. Steff calls to him.

STEFF
Blane?

Blane stops and turns. Steff walks up to him.

STEFF
What's going on?

BLANE
(nervous)
Nothing. I'm going to class.

STEFF
I saw you outside.

BLANE
So?

TB

STEFF
So? What were you doing?

BLANE
What are you? My mother?
(pause)
I gotta go.

He turns and starts down the hall. Steff follows him.

STEFF
Seriously, what's going on?

BLANE
Nothing.

STEFF
Not nothing, Blane. I saw you rapping all over the zombie.

BLANE
So? What do you care?

STEFF
My best friend's conversing with a mutant and I'm curious. No reason to flip-out.

BLANE
I'm not flipping out. I happened to like her.

STEFF
If you're serious, I'm embarrassed for you.

Blane doesn't react. Steff is worried that Blane, his best friend, his puppet will make out where he failed.

STEFF
You start hanging with her and you won't have a friend.

Blane is angered by the threat.

BLANE
You included?

STEFF
You can do alot better than her, Blane.

Steff sees how angry Blane is. His objective is snuff out Blane interest in Andie, not destroy his friendship or jeopardize the loyalty he gets from Blane. He concludes the

TB

conversation on a light note.

STEFF
I'm sorry, man. It's your life. It's none of my business.

Steff successfully defuses Blane's anger.

BLANE
You really don't think she's got something?

Steff shakes his head.

STEFF
I really don't. Sorry.

He gives Blane an affectionate poke in the arm.

STEFF
You're late.

He points to the ceiling. The bell magically rings. He takes off down the hall. Blane watches him for a moment. He doesn't know what to think. He slips into the classroom.

EXT. ANDIE'S HOUSE

It's night. The lights are on.

INT. ANDIE'S ROOM

It's a temple to reclamation. Old furnishings restored. MUSIC's playing. The walls are covered in posters. Every inch of space is occupied by something old, odd and interesting. Old clothes laying about. She's sitting on the bed with Duckie. She's helping him with his homework. When she's not looking, he stares at her. He touches and fondles her belongings. He's in ecstacy at being in her room, on her bed.

ANDIE
Duckie, the Warsaw Pact is a treaty signed by the Soviet Union and it's seven East European satellites. It established a mutual defense organization as a counterweight to Nato.

DUCKIE
What'd I put?

Andie looks at his paper.

TB

ANDIE
You wrote, "The Warsaw Pact is the the pact that's named after Warsaw."

DUCKIE
And?

ANDIE
A teacher's going to know you're just bullshitting.

DUCKIE
Okay. You're right. What about the rest of it?

ANDIE
The Russian Revolution did not take place in Germany.

DUCKIE
What was Karl Marx?

ANDIE
He was a German.

DUCKIE
Okay.

ANDIE
But his being a German doesn't have anything to do with where the Russian Revolution occured.

Duckie stares at her. She stares at him.

DUCKIE
Good point.

Andie sets the paper down.

ANDIE
Duckie? Can I propose something to you without you getting mad?

DUCKIE
That depends.

ANDIE
On what?

DUCKIE
I don't know. I just said that. Sure, go ahead.

TB

ANDIE
I propose that you're deliberatly flunking your classes so that you can stay in high school.

The words hit Duckie like a shot. She's so right.

DUCKIE
That's totally absurd. Why would I do that?

ANDIE
I don't know. Tell me.

DUCKIE
I'm not, so there's nothing to tell you.

ANDIE
You're not one to always face things.

DUCKIE
Oh? Since when? What am I not facing?

ANDIE
The future.

DUCKIE
Whether or not you face the future, it happens. Right?

ANDIE
You run yourself down. Why?

DUCKIE
I'm not running myself down. Do you think I'm running myself down? I don't think I'm running myself down. Why? Because of my clothes? No way. Because why? Because I can laugh at myself? That's called a sense of humor. You should get one. They're nice.

Andie realizes how tender the subject is. She reaches out and puts her hand behind Duckie's neck. She pulls him toward her until they touch foreheads.

ANDIE
What are we gonna do next year?

TB

DUCKIE
According to you, I'll still be in high school.

ANDIE
I'm serious. Duck. Not a day in eight years has passed when I didn't see you or talk to you.

DUCKIE
Devotion, babe.

She pulls back and kisses his forehead.

ANDIE
I hope I'm not the only one who knows what an incredible person you are.

DUCKIE
At this point in time, I'm afraid you are.

Andie laughs. She hugs him. He gets a shiver. She breaks the embrace and stands up.

ANDIE
You're getting an A on this paper, Duck. If it takes all night. I'm gonna get something to drink, then we work. What do you want?

DUCKIE
Beer, scotch, Hi-C juice box. Whatever.

Andie exits the room. Duckie lets out a deep breath. He stands up and wanders across the room. He picks up a hairbrush.

DUCKIE
I love this woman. I love this woman. I have to tell her. If she laughs, she laughs, but I can't wait any more. If she doesn't love me, then she doesn't love me. But if I don't find out... I love her so bad...

He holds the brush up to his mouth and uses it like a microphone.

DUCKIE
(sings)
LOVE IS REAL, REAL IS LOVE
LOVE IS FEELING, FEELING LOVE...

INT. KITCHEN

Andie's at the refrigerator. She hears Duckie singing O.C.

DUCKIE (OC)
LOVE IS WANTING TO BE LOVED

She turns away, wondering the in the hell he's doing.

DUCKIE (OC)
LOVE IS FREE, FREE IS LOVE
LOVE IS LIVING, LIVING LOVE...

INT. ANDIE'S ROOM

He's wearing one of her hats, staring into her closet.

DUCKIE
LOVE IS NEEDING TO BE LOVED...
(stops)
She's gonna laugh at me.

He looks at the hair brush.

DUCKIE
I can't blame her.

INT. KITCHEN

Andie's has a Coke for herself. She's stabbing a straw into a juice box. Duckie comes into the room with his school books.

DUCKIE
I'm gonna split.

ANDIE
(surprised)
What about your paper?

DUCKIE
That's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna do it myself. If you help, it'll be bogus. It won't be my work. You're right. I'm screwing-up to much.

He takes the juice box from her.

DUCKIE
I'll catch you in the A.M.
(sips)
Drinking and driving don't mix. That's why I ride a bike.

TB

He opens the door and walks into the screen.

DUCKIE
Sorry.

He opens the screen door and exits.

EXT. HOUSE

Duckie straps his books to the back of his bike and climbs on it. He angrily tosses the juice box in the bushes.

DUCKIE
Shit!

He wheels the bike around and pedals away.

INT. SCHOOL. GYM

Girl's gym. Gymnastics. Jena and Andie are in their school gym uniforms. They are standard except for the band buttons they feel obliged to wear. They're sitting against the wall. Jena's sneaking a cigarette. She cups it in her palm and holds it behind her.

JENA
You doing anything this weekend?

She doesn't want to reveal her date with Blane to Jena.

ANDIE
No. Probably not.

She hands the cigarette to Andie. She takes a puff and hands it back. Jena ditches the cigarette behind her back as student legs pass.

JENA
You gonna study?

Jena takes another puff.

ANDIE
Maybe.

JENA
You study so much it makes me ill. What's the point?

ANDIE
I don't wanna work in a record store all my life.

JENA
What're you gonna be? A doctor?

TB

A WHISTLE BLOWS. Jena quickly drops the cigarette and covers it with her foot.

INT. GYM

Jena and Andie join the rest of the class as they line up before the GYM TEACHER. The other girls leave a space on either side of them. A snide and nasty move. Jena flips the bird to the girl next to her.

JENA
I hope it dries up and blows away.

The teacher blows her whistle. Andie bows her head, knowing what's going to happen to Jena.

TEACHER
What was that Miss Homan?

JENA
I said, "I hope it hope dries up and blows away."

The teacher glares at Jena. She has a history with her.

TEACHER
Hope what dries up and blows away?

JENA
(straight, serious)
Her penis, Mrs. Dietz.

The girl's friend cracks up. The girl gives her a sharp elbow.

GIRL'S FRIEND
Sorry.

The teacher points to the door. Jena obliges her. She throws kisses to the girls. They sneer at her. Andie strokes her forehead.

TEACHER
(to Andie)
Do you share your partner's attitude?

Andie looks at her. It's a look of retreat.

TEACHER

She gives Andie an accepting smile.

CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

She looks to her left.

TB

CLOSE-UP. GIRL

The girl on her left mouths, "EAT SHIT" to Andie.

CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

She glares at the girl. She looks at the teacher.

INT. GYM

Andie raises her hand.

ANDIE
Mrs. Dietz?

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

Jena and Andie are sitting across the desk from the dean of students, MR. DONNELLY. He's a middle-aged man, heavy and worn-out from years of teaching. He's tapping a pencil on his desk.

DONNELLY
Jena, I know your problem. You're just a problem.

JENA
Thank you, sir.

DONNELLY
I don't understand your problem, Andie.

JENA
Maybe she's sick and tired of being treated like shit.

DONNELLY
(to Jena)
I think maybe this discussion would be a little more productive if you were to step outside.

Jena stands up.

JENA
Fine. But that won't change the fact that this school blows.

She exits. Donnelly concentrates on Andie. Andie holds her look on him.

DONNELLY
I don't know what you see in her, frankly.

TB

ANDIE
I don't have to see anything. She's my friend.

DONNELLY
You've got a couple of months left, you're doing extremely well your courses. I think your chances for a scholarship are excellent...

ANDIE
I know this, Mr. Donnelly.

DONNELLY
Why now? Why are you in here now?

ANDIE
I don't know. I guess I got fed up.

DONNELLY
With what?

ANDIE
With the way we get treated.

DONNELLY
Who's we?

ANDIE
You know who.

Donnelly nods his head. He understands.

DONNELLY
As long as the structure of this community remains as it has for all these years, there's going to be haves and havenots getting their education side by side.

Andie glares at Donnelly.

ANDIE
Don't call me a have-not, Mr. Donnelly. You can call me a freak or a zoid, but not a have-not.

DONNELLY
I didn't mean...

Andie turns away. She wants out.

DONNELLY
You're getting a top-notch education. And I don't want you to throw it away.

TB

Andie turns hard, angry eyes on him.

ANDIE
I'm getting a better education than I deserve. I'm lucky. I'm fortunate that the good people of this community allow me to attend this school?

DONNELLY
Again you're misunderstanding me.

ANDIE
I understand everything, Mr. Donnelly. I don't have to have it explained. I live it. I got a little pissed off today and I lost my temper. I don't like to see my friends dumped on and punished for defending themselves.

Donnelly sighs. He knows she's right.

DONNELLY
We'll forget this whole thing. Okay?

Andie appreciates his understanding.

ANDIE
What about Jena?

DONNELLY
She's off too.

ANDIE
Thank you.

Andie gathers up her books and stands.

DONNELLY
If you put out signals that you don't want to belong, people will make sure you don't.

ANDIE
That's a beautiful theory.

She exits the office. Donnelly sighs, unsure of whether or not he's helped her.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE HALLWAY

Andie comes out of the offices. Duckie's waiting for her. Her runs after her.

DUCKIE
Andie!

TB

She stops and turns wearily.

DUCKIE
I heard what happened and I came as fast as I could.

Andie groans at Duckie's over-reaction.

DUCKIE
Was it bad?

ANDIE
It was nothing, Duckie.

DUCKIE
Are you upset?

ANDIE
No.

DUCKIE
Yes, you are.

Andie sighs and continues down the hall.

DUCKIE
I know just what to do to make you feel better.

ANDIE
I feel fine.

DUCKIE
I want to take you away this weekend. Do you fish?

Andie stares at Duckie.

ANDIE
I have a class.

She turns a corner and leaves Duckie behind.

DUCKIE
This woman is suffering inside.

A big senior elbows him into a locker.

DUCKIE
Next time, I kill! You hear me?

The senior turns around and faces Duckie. He quickly changes attitude.

TB

DUCKIE
Kidding!
(pause)
Butthole.

The big senior turns around slowly. Duckie turns to take off. He runs straight into another SENIOR.

DUCKIE
Hi! How are you today?

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM

Four girls are at the sinks. One's smoking, the others are fussing with their hair and make-up. Talking. Suddenly, the door bursts open and Duckie's thrown in. The girl's scream. Duckie picks himself up. He tries to act like nothing's wrong. He steps to the mirror and checks his hair.

DUCKIE
How's it going?

INT. MALL. RECORD STORE. LATER

It's late. Stores are closing. Iona is ringing up the day's sales. Andie's sitting on the counter, waiting. She leans out and looks down the mall. Iona hits the wrong button the calculator.

IONA
Aw, shit! Why can't I do this?

Andie turns around and slides off the counter to help Iona.

ANDIE
You have to subtotal first. I tell you this every time.

Iona puts on a record.

IONA
One last tune and then it's off to enjoy a horrible relationship.

Music blasts out of the store speakers.

IONA
(laughs)
The furrier next door loves this.

We hear an O.C. shriek. Iona and Andie look at the front of the store.

TB

THEIR POV

The open front of the store. Duckie slides across the front of the store and lip synchs the song. Crazy, possessed dancing. He's dressed in his finest. Huge, old sport coat, skin-tight black jeans, work boots, shades, snap-brim hat.

IONA AND ANDIE

They exchange weary looks.

DUCKIE

He continues a moment, then stops. He relaxes and turns up his coat collar.

DUCKIE
Evening, ladies.

He strolls into the store.

INT. RECORD STORE

Duckie steps up to the counter. He's feeling very hot.

DUCKIE
Good tune.

IONA
We're closed.

Duckie leans across the counter and addresses Iona.

DUCKIE
You know what an older woman does to me?

IONA
Changes your diapers?

DUCKIE
Touche. Seriously, you're a very smokey alternative but...
(points to Andie)
...this is the Duck Man's love in life.
(to Andie)
Shall we?

Andie looks at Iona.

ANDIE
You ever had one of these?

TB

IONA
I don't think so.

CU. DUCKIE

He winks at the ladies.

DUCKIE
Let's plow.

INT. RECORD STORE. BACK ROOM

Iona turns out the lights and walks over to Duckie. She puts her arm around his neck.

IONA
You are too young to be so old.

She grabs her coat off a hook and knocks on the employees bathroom door.

IONA
Andie? Hon, it's after nine. Don't waste good lip gloss.

INT. BATHROOM

Andie's putting on fresh make-up. She hears Iona and loses a little enthusiasm.

INT. BACKROOM. BATHROOM DOOR

Iona leans on the door jamb.

IONA
I don't mean to be a bitch but I don't think Mr. Wonderful's gonna happen tonight.

The door opens slowly.

ANDIE
I don't know what I'm doing.

IONA
Wishful making-up.

She puts her arm around Andie.

DUCKIE
You babes are talking sign language that the old Ducker does not understand.

Andie looks at him and shakes her head.

TB

EXT. MALL

Blane races down the mall, heading for the record store. He stops a couple stores short and tries to quickly catch his breath and collect his cool. He struts the rest of the way.

INT. RECORD STORE

Iona and Andie come out of the back. Iona has her arm around Andie. She's trying her best to make her feel better. Duckie trails behind, not understanding what's going on.

DUCKIE
Would you people mind helping me out here? I'm confused.

IONA
She got stood up, twerp.

DUCKIE
Stood up? How so? I'm here. Is this one of those feminine mystique deals?

EXT. MALL. RECORD STORE. FRONT

Blane's at the door, thinking he's missed her.

BLANE
Shit...

He hears Iona and Andie. He turns and looks in the store.

INT. STORE

Andie looks up and sees Blane looking in at her. She stops and looks at Iona. Iona's surprised. Duckie looks between them.

BLANE

He raps on the glass.

IONA, ANDIE AND DUCKIE

Andie waves to him. She and Iona start for the front of the store. Duckie's crushed and shocked.

DUCKIE
Andie?

She stops and turns to him. She realizes how hurt and confused he is.

TB

ANDIE
Duck, I'm really sorry.

He's about to cry. He's angry.

DUCKIE
You're gonna go out with that guy?

She feels terrible about Duckie.

ANDIE
He's really nice, Duck. You'll like him. He's not like the others.

He shakes his head, no.

DUCKIE
No way, Andie. You really piss me off. They shit all over everybody including you. I can't believe you're this stupid.

INT. STORE. FRONT

Iona opens the door. She looks him up and down carefully.

IONA
Howcome you rich guys always have the cutest asses?

Blane isn't listening. He's watching Andie.

BLANE
Huh?

INT. STORE. ANDIE AND DUCKIE

He glares at her. She reaches out to touch him. He slaps her hand away.

DUCKIE
He's gonna use your ass and throw you away. I would have died for you.

ANDIE
So what am I supposed to do? He asked me out. I like him. If I hate him because he's got money, then that's the same thing as people who hate me because I don't.

DUCKIE
You can't do this and respect yourself. You just can't.

TB

ANDIE
I'll make that decision. Okay?

DUCKIE
Sure. You can do what you want.

ANDIE
You talk like just because I'm going out with Blane...

DUCKIE
Blane? The guy's name is Blane? Get serious!

ANDIE
Going out with him doesn't mean we're not friends.

DUCKIE
Oh, is that a fact? Maybe from where you stand but from where I stand it's a big, fat farewell.

ANDIE
This doesn't change how I feel about you.

DUCKIE
Oh, that's very nice. I'm glad. Here's the point, Andie, I'm not particularly concerned whether of not you like me. I live to like you. And I can't like you anymore. So, when you get your heart splattered all over hell and you're feeling low and dirty, don't look for this fool to help pump you back up.

ANDIE
I can't believe you're saying this.

DUCKIE
Well, that just tough shit.

He pushes past her and hurries out of the store. He slips past Blane. Andie bows her head. She doesn't know what to feel or how to react.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Blane walks Andie to his car. The conversation is very nervous and strained.

BLANE
That guy who was in the store...

TB

ANDIE
He's a friend of mine. I've known him since I was a kid.

She decides not to apologize for him.

ANDIE
He's a real nice guy. I like him alot.

They walk on, not saying anything. They cast secret glances at each other.

BLANE
Do you wanna go home and change?

There's a uncomfortable pause. Andie chuckles.

ANDIE
I already did.

Another uncomfortable pause as Blane tries to extract his foot from his mouth.

BLANE
Sorry.

There's another long, nervous pause.

ANDIE
Where are we going?

BLANE
You up for a party?

Andie stops.

BLANE
Yes? No?

ANDIE
No.

BLANE
Why?

ANDIE
Why?

BLANE
You're with me. It's okay. These are my friends.

ANDIE
Your friends.

TB

BLANE
I wouldn't take you if I didn't think they'd accept you.

ANDIE
Why don't we go somewhere else?

BLANE
I like you, I think you like me. We both know there's alot of bullshit that goes on between people around here. But you're above it and I'm above it. And if we're gonna make anything happen, we gotta face it.

Andie looks hard and long at Blane.

BLANE
I have as much to lose as you. We can go do something with your friends. Or we can hide. The choice is yours.

Andie understands his logic. She nods.

BLANE
If it's a bad time. We leave.

Blane puts his arm around her and they continue to his car.

EXT. RECORD STORE

It's dark, the lights are out. Duckie's sitting on the sidewalk with his back to the wall. He's staring into the street.

EXT. HOUSE. LATER

Andie's favorite house. Cars are parked all over. Every light in the place is on. Music's pounding.

INT. FOYER

Blane escorts Andie in. The noise is deafening. Andie cowers behind Blane. She feels sick from anxiety over walking into a place where she knows she isn't welcome. A BOY passes with a DRUNK GIRL clinging to his shoulder. The boy stops and offers a sip of his drink to Blane. Blane refuses it.

CLOSE-UP. THE GIRL

She focuses her drunken eyes on Andie.

CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

She offers a polite but nervous smile.

CLOSE-UP. THE GIRL

She figures out who Andie is.

GIRL
You're the zoid in my art class.

CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

She turns her eyes away.

INT. FOYER

Blane takes Andie's hand and leads her out of the foyer into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The music's even louder. Kids are splayed all over the room. The place is a mess. They all stop what they're doing when Andie and Blane walk in. They stare at the strange couple. Blane leads Andie through to the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM

A whole table of jocks are in their underwear eating TV dinners. They look up from their food as Blane and Andie walk through. Blane hurries Andie into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Blane turns to Andie to apologize.

BLANE
I can't believe I actually associate with these people.

ANDIE
I can't believe I'm actually here.

BLANE
It's pretty bad, huh?

ANDIE
Way beyond.

BLANE
We'll go upstairs.

She rips her hand out of his.

TB

ANDIE
No thanks.

BLANE
What?

ANDIE
(tough)
I didn't come here to get you off.

He laughs nervously.

BLANE
You think that's what I meant?
(pause)
I haven't even kissed you yet.
Look, it's quieter up there. I
swear to God, these hands...
(he holds out his hands)
...will stay in the pockets.

He drives his hands in his pockets. He bends over and picks up a stray bag of pretzels with his teeth and snares a six pack with his elbows.

BLANE
(through clenched teeth)
See?

It's so ridiculous, Andie can't help but smile.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

It's empty. Blane and Andie come up the backstairs. They're laughing at his attempts to carry the stuff and walk with his hands buried in his pockets. Blane jerks his head toward a bedroom door. Andie hesitates.

BLANE
Gimme a break. I'm helpless.

He pushes open the door and enters.

INT. BEDROOM

Steff's sitting in bed with a bottle of scotch. He looks up as Blane and Andie walk in. His face freezes.

CU. ANDIE

She's as startled to see Steff as he is to see her.

CU. STEFF

There's anger in his eyes. His nightmare comes true. His

TB

best friend is succeeding where he failed.

STEFF
Welcome.

INT. BEDROOM

Blane and Andie sit down on a love seat along the wall.

BLANE
This is Andie. Andie, Steff.

STEFF
It's nice you could come by...
(pause)
It's Andie is it?

BLANE
Yeah, Andie.

Blane has no clue that Andie and Steff know each other. Steff abruptly shifts gears.

STEFF
You guys want the bed?

BLANE
No, we're fine.

STEFF
This is the last serious high school party of my career. I hope you guys can tough it out until Sunday night when the folks return home. This one might kill the old man.

Blane chuckles. Andie isn't amused. The bathroom door opens and Steff's girlfriend, BENNY, staggers out. She's wearing a raincoat and underwear. She's the girl who Jena and Andie got thrown out of gym over.

BENNY
Another giant step away from virginity I went!

Andie looks away in disgust. Steff toasts Benny.

STEFF
Is she a slut or what?

She staggers over to the bed and sits down. She looks over at Blane and Andie.

TB

BENNY
Oh, my God! Am I having a nightmare? I know you!

Andie fakes a smile.

BENNY
You're in my calculus class.

ANDIE
Gym.

BENNY
Your name's Jim?

STEFF
(laughs, refering to Benny)
Is this girl worthless?

Benny, in her drunkeness, suddenly remembers what happened in gym.

BENNY
I remember.
(to Andie)
You really pissed me off the other day.
(to Steff)
She really pissed me off.

STEFF
Everybody pisses you off.

BENNY
She and her friend made fun of me.

BLANE
Benny, why don't you take it easy?

BENNY
This is Steff's party, Blane. Don't tell me what to do.

BLANE
Steff?

BENNY
You shouldn't be allowed to just bring anybody.

Even Steff realizes how out of line Benny's getting. He bunches the sheet around himself and slides out of bed. He takes her hand.

TB

BENNY
She's gonna ruin my night.

BLANE
Shut-up, Benny.

BENNY
You're a faggot, Blane.

STEFF
I think Blane needs the room, Ben.
You're hungry. Need food.
(to Andie)
Isn't she a pain in the ass?

He leads Benny to the door. She turns back to Blane and Andie.

BENNY
(to Blane)
You're an asshole.
(to Andie)
I don't want to know what you are.

STEFF
You guys have a good time.
(looking at Andie)
Let me know how she is.

Steff laughs bitterly and closes the door.

BLANE AND ANDIE

Blane turns to Andie. She's fighting off tears of anger.

BLANE
They're jerks when they drink.

Andie turns and looks at him.

BLANE
I guess they all are. I'm sorry.
This was a shitty idea.

He leans over and tries to kiss her. She moves her head back, leaving his lips stranded in the air.

ANDIE
Get me out of here.

BLANE
We're alone now.

ANDIE
I said, get me out!

TB

He takes her arm.

BLANE
I won't take you home.

Andie stares at him angrily.

BLANE
I want to be with you. If not here then somewhere else.

Andie holds her stare.

BLANE
I'm sorry. I overestimated my friends. I made a mistake. An honest mistake. You wanna hit me?

ANDIE
Yes.

BLANE
Fine.

He points to his chin. He smiles. A beat and his eyes open in alarm. He rears back.

INT. CATS

MUSIC IS THUNDERING. The place is hot, dark and humid with perspiration. Duckie and Iona are in the corner, hunched over a table. He's been drinking and so has she.

IONA
The bastard ties me up. That's his thing.

DUCKIE
You wanna know my thing? If I really have it solid for a girl, you know? I ride by her house on my bike. Man, I'll do it like a hundred times in a single day.

IONA
You ever park?

DUCKIE
Nope. I'm a full-on drive-by guy.

IONA
I guess I'd rather have a dude riding his bike past my house than tying me to the bathroom sink.

TB

Duckie lowers his glasses seductively.

DUCKIE
Gimme your address.

INT. CLUB

Blane and Andie push through the jam of people in the club.

DUCKIE AND IONA

They focus their drunken eyes on Andie.

DUCKIE
Someday, that girl's gonna realize what she missed.

IONA
I hope not.

The music ends. Duckie drops his glasses and whistles.

DUCKIE
GIMME MORE! YEAH!

ANDIE

She recognizes the high-pitched squeal. She looks around and sees Duckie and Iona. She's happy to see them. Surprised but happy. She starts to move toward them.

IONA AND DUCKIE

Duckie turns away. Iona waves her over. She pushes through and sits down. She kisses Iona.

IONA
Prince Charming wimp out?

ANDIE
He's at the bar. Duck?

Duckie refuses to acknowledge her.

ANDIE
(to Iona)
He's sulking.

IONA
He's not riding his bike past your house anymore.

ANDIE
Duckie, you're being a real jerk.

TB

Duckie turns to her, raises his shades and stares blankly at her. He drops the shades and turns away.

ANDIE
How'd he get in here?

IONA
I said he was my kid.

ANDIE
Howcome you're here?

IONA
I've been trying to figure that out all night.

INT. CLUB

Blane works his way through the throng with the drinks. He's as uncomfortable in Andie's element as she was in his. His polite apologies are greeted with hostile looks and cold stares.

BLANE
Pardon me. Excuse me.

A towering, dangerously thin GUY in a sack dress stops him and feels his tweed sportcoat lapel. Blane smiles at him.

BLANE
Gross, huh?

The Guy releases the lapel.

BLANE
Enjoy your evening.

He cranes his neck and looks for Andie.

BLANE
This is the worst place I've ever been in my entire life.

DUCKIE'S TABLE

Andie waves Blane over. Duckie grumbles as he sees him. He sinks in his seat. Blane sets the drinks down and sits.

ANDIE
You met Iona, right?

BLANE
Not formally. Hi.

He offers his hand to Iona. She shakes it, giving Andie a

TB

look out of the corner of her eye.

ANDIE
And that's Duckie Dale behind the glasses.

BLANE
Hi, Duckie.

Duckie turns and lifts the glasses.

DUCKIE
(nasty)
Philip F. Dale to you, scumwad.

Duckie groans and drops his glasses.

IONA
Where've you guys been?

BLANE
A friend was having a party.

Blane and Andie look at each other. They laugh. Duckie groans again.

DUCKIE
How adorable!

Andie scowls at Duckie. Blane continues, to Iona.

BLANE
It was a little...intense.

DUCKIE
You had an intense party?

BLANE
(doesn't catch the insult)
I said it was a friend's party.

ANDIE
Shut-up, Duckie.

BLANE
What's the problem?

Duckie chuckles derisively. He pokes Iona.

DUCKIE
Classic piece of work there.

ANDIE
Duckie, please...

TB

DUCKIE
Phil.

BLANE
(to Duckie)
I think you're making Andie uncomfortable. Why don't you knock it off?

Duckie lifts his glasses again. He bobs his head and does a phoney silent laugh. He looks at Iona and points to Blane.

DUCKIE
I devoted my life to the girl and this guy walks in and in one day thinks he knows her. That's funny.
(to Blane)
You should give David Letterman a ring sometime. He'd book you in a minute.

ANDIE
Phil. Do you want us to leave?

DUCKIE
Very perceptive!

Andie picks up her drink. Blane holds her chair for her. Duckie laughs.

DUCKIE
The manners on this guy! Andie, this was a treat. Thanks a million.

Andie scowls at Duckie.

ANDIE
I can't believe I actually felt bad for you tonight.
(to Iona)
See ya.

Iona waves. She's a little puzzled by everything. Andie walks into the crowd.

BLANE
(to Iona)
Nice meeting you.

Iona waves.

IONA
Sorry.

TB

BLANE
No problem.

DUCKIE
(mimics him)
Nooo problem!

Blane glares at Duckie.

BLANE
You're an asshole.

DUCKIE
Coming from you, I take that as a compliment.

Blane walks away. Duckie follows him with a bitter, hateful stare. Iona puts her arm around him.

IONA
It's okay, Duck.

DUCKIE
Andie! Yo!

ANDIE

She turns back to the table.

DUCKIE

He grabs Iona and kisses her rudely on the lips. He breaks the kiss. Iona is stunned.

DUCKIE
You've been replaced!

He looks for a napkin and wipes his mouth.

EXT. CLUB. LATER

Blane and Andie come out. He's still feeling bad about what he said. A voice calls to Andie.

VOICE
ANDIE!

Andie looks across the street.

HER POV

Jena and Simon get out of a beater car. She waits for a passing car and then crosses. Her boyfriend follows.

TB

CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

She glances at Blane and then back at Jena.

ANDIE
Shit...

BLANE
What?

CLOSE-UP. JENA

She chills as she sees that Andie's with Blane.

EXT. CLUB

Jena steps up on the curb. Simon comes up behind her. Andie leads Blane to the curb. He has his hands in the pockets of his khakis. He's bright and open. A perfect prep.

ANDIE
Hi, Jena. Simon.

Jena glares at Andie.

ANDIE
This is Blane. Blane, this is Jena and that's Simon.

Blane offers his hand. It's not taken. He slowly withdraws it. There's a frigid silence.

JENA
This is really interesting.

ANDIE
I don't need any shit, Jena.

JENA
Yeah.
(looks at Blane)
It looks like you got plenty.
(to Simon)
Come on.

They walk right past Andie.

ANDIE
Thanks, Jena. Thanks alot.

Jena ignores her. Andie turns to Blane.

ANDIE
I guess it's my turn to be sorry.

TB

BLANE
We're about even, huh?

Andie offers a wan smile. They start across the street.

BLANE
Now what?

ANDIE
I have to work tomorrow. Maybe we should just kiss it off.

BLANE
Home?

Andie's trapped. She didn't want him to pick her up at home and she didn't think about her return. She doesn't answer.

BLANE
What?

ANDIE
I don't know.

BLANE
You want to go to my house?

ANDIE
I can't.

They reach his 318. He opens the door for her.

BLANE
You wanna eat?

ANDIE
No. I don't...

BLANE
What's wrong?

ANDIE
I don't want to go home, okay?

BLANE
What's the matter?

ANDIE
Nothing.

BLANE
Something's the matter.

Andie looks down the dark street.

TB

BLANE
Tell me something. Please.

Andie wipes away a tear.

BLANE
What'd I do?

Andie shakes her head.

BLANE
Come on, Andie. What?

Andie looks up at him.

ANDIE
I don't want to go home.

BLANE
Are you in trouble?

ANDIE
No!

BLANE
What?!

ANDIE
I don't want you to take me home, okay.
(pause, takes a breath)
I'm not real happy about where I live. Alright?

She turns away and looks out the window. Blane is shocked. He doesn't know what to say.

BLANE
Why?

Andie looks at him. The answer should be obvious.

ANDIE
Why?

BLANE
I don't care where you live.

ANDIE
I do.

She composes herself. She wipes her eyes on her sleeve.

TB

ANDIE
Let's just go, okay? I feel like a fool.

BLANE
Andie, I don't care about...

Andie gets in the car.

ANDIE
Go!

EXT. ANDIE'S HOUSE

The house is dark. Blane's car is parked in front.

INT. CAR

Andie's eyes are red from crying. She's sullen and quiet. Blane's as uncomfortable as she is. He avoids looking at her house.

ANDIE
I'm sorry about bumming out the night for you.

BLANE
You didn't bum out anything. I had a great time.

ANDIE
Liar.

BLANE
I had a good time. I was with you. If I was in a Turkish prison with you, I'd have a good time.

ANDIE
This is just all too weird for me, I guess. It shouldn't happen. It's just too stupid.

BLANE
You and me?

Andie slides down in the seat.

BLANE
Maybe it's...maybe it doesn't happen all the time but that doesn't make it's wrong. It doesn't mean we can't try.

Andie looks over at him. She appreciates his understanding. Or at least his attempt at it.

TB

BLANE
Would you feel any better if I asked you to Prom?

Andie turns slowly to him. She's stunned that he asked her.

BLANE
I know Prom's pretty lame and I could see why you wouldn't...

Andie looks deep into his eyes. She leans forward and kisses him. He puts his arms around her and pulls her close to him. She holds his cheeks and wires him out completely with her kiss. It's a real kiss. All of her feelings are transmitted in one kiss. Her kiss is sex. She pulls back from him. The look in her eyes is strong and serious. She doesn't kiss for sport. She holds her look at him. It conveys all her pride and all her confidense about who she is and what she wants. He has to look away. The kiss drained all the boy out of him.

INT. JACK'S ROOM. DOOR. LATER

Andie kicks open the door and stands in the doorway with an arm raised triumphantly.

ANDIE
It happened!

Jack's in bed. Sleeping. He wakes with a shout.

ANDIE
Guess who's going to Prom?

Flip pops up from under the covers and barks his approval. She slams the door. Jack sits up.

JACK
What?

EXT. ANDIE'S HOUSE. MORNING

Andie comes out of the house and gets in her car.

EXT. STREET

Duckie's sitting on his bike across the street from Andie's house. He's watching her. His face is blank and cold. He's still devastated by what Andie did.

EXT. ANDIE'S HOUSE

The car backs out the drive and pulls away.

TB

EXT. STREET

Duckie watches her go. Then he steps into his pedal and goes off in the opposite direction.

EXT. CHINATOWN. COMMERCIAL BUILDING

The street is bustling with activity.

INT. IONA'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM

Above a commercial building. It's a fifties time capsule. Vintage furnishings. Lots of mechanical display devices turning and spinning. Iona comes out of the kitchen dressed in an old stewardess uniform. She's carrying a small tray with two platic cups of coffee.

IONA
I want to know all the gory details.

She crosses to the bedroom.

IONA
The mingling breath and heaving chests, glowing hearts, pounding passions...

INT. BEDROOM

It's a fifties' teenage girl's bedroom. Fluffy feminine. Nothing new. Living memories. Andie's looking through the open closet at Iona's wardrobe. She walks in.

ANDIE
I hate to disappoint you...

Iona serves Andie. She takes the undersized cup, sips and sets it down.

ANDIE
Nothing happened.

IONA
Nothing?

Andie looks back at her and shakes her head.

ANDIE
I kissed him.

IONA
Anywhere interesting?

Andie looks at her again.

TB

ANDIE
Please.

IONA
Strong lips?

ANDIE
How do you tell?

IONA
Did you feel it in your knees?

ANDIE
Strong lips.

IONA
You know your little duckling's feeling the real serious shits.

INT. CLOSET

Andie stops looking through the clothes. She feels bad about Duckie.

ANDIE
I know.

INT. ROOM. IONA

She crosses her legs and sips her coffee.

IONA
He said he was going to meditate you out of his memory.

INT. CLOSET

Andie forces a smile.

ANDIE
He could probably do it, too.

Something catches Andie's eye. She separates it from the other clothes.

HER POV

An old formal carefully preserved in a plastic dry cleaning bag.

INT. BEDROOM. IONA

She gets up and walks to the vanity and checks herself out in the mirror.

TB

IONA (OC)
You wanna talk about lips. I'm old enough to be his mother and when he threw that kiss on me last night, my thighs went up in flames. Swear to God. He must practise on melons or something.

INT. CLOSET

Andie takes the dress off the rod.

INT. ROOM

Andie turns from the closet with the dress.

ANDIE
Is this your prom dress?

Iona turns from the vanity. She sees the dress and smiles. She nods. She hasn't seen it in awhile.

IONA
Believe it or not.

ANDIE
It's great.

Iona takes it from Andie and peels off the plastic. She lays it across the bed.

ANDIE
I'm going, you know. To prom.
(aside)
That sounds so queer.
(continues)
He asked me. And...

She notices that Iona studying the dress.

CU. IONA

She's staring at the dress. Either she's going to laugh or cry.

INT. ANDIE'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM

The room is filled with flowers. The DELIVERY MAN is setting down the last arrangement.

DELIVERY MAN
These for your wife?

JACK
No. My daughter. I guess.

TB

DELIVERY MAN
She an opera singer or something?

JACK
Not that I'm aware of.

DELIVERY MAN
This breaks my personal record.

He slips out the door. Jack reaches down and takes an envelope off one of the arrangements. He opens it.

CU. NOTE

"BLANE LOVES ANDIE!"

INT. LIVING ROOM. JACK

He looks up from the note with a smile. The ASSOCIATION'S "CHERISH" FADES UP.

CU. IONA

She's smiling, lost in memories. She's completely made-over. Hair's different. It's 1967. She's wearing the prom dress. She's slow dancing. She turns around to reveal Andie's face. Andie sighs.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Andie and Iona are slow dancing.

ANDIE
Iona? I have to go.

IONA
Can you hold it until the song's over?

ANDIE
I have to leave.

IONA
Why can't we start old and get younger?
(pause)
I envy you, Andie. I really envy you.

ANDIE
Iona, you're gonna O.D. on nostalgia.

IONA
I loved the Big Chill.

TB

The song ends. Iona breaks from Andie.

IONA
I love this dress.

ANDIE
It's beautiful.

IONA
My mother bought it for me. She was so happy. It was first and last time I looked normal. It would have been a fairy tale if my date hadn't been the only one at the prom with a beard and two kids.
(pause)
You wanna try it on? It'll probably fit you better. Your butts fifteen years younger than mine. God, I used to love my butt. It was such a great butt. I wish I had photographs. You wanna try it on?

ANDIE
Not right now.

IONA
You gotta go. I have to get ready myself.

ANDIE
You're going out?

IONA
New guy. Terrance something or other. He owns a pet store. We'll see what happens.

She gives Andie a peck on the cheek.

IONA
Give Mr. Perfecto a squeeze for me.

Andie smiles.

IONA
And if you see your little Duck Man, be kind. He's nursing some fairly serious wounds.

EXT. STREET

Duckie's leaning against a lamp post. He's got his eye on

TB

Iona's apartment. He senses he's being watched. He sneaks a look to his left.

HIS POV

An ancient Chinese man is staring at him.

CU. DUCKIE

He returns the stare.

CU. CHINESE MAN

He smiles.

EXT. STREET

Duckie takes a last look at Iona's. He picks up his bike and takes off.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB

Richland. The main gates of a wealthy white WASP C.C.

EXT. GOLF COURSE

A golf cart's parked on the rim of a huge, sprawling green. Andie and Blane are sitting on a blanket on the green. A huge silver candelabra is burning, flickering in the breeze.

ANDIE
Two weeks ago if somebody said I'd be going out with a richie...

BLANE
A what?

ANDIE
A richie. I never would have believed it.

BLANE
What about me and a zoid?

ANDIE
A what?

Blane appreciates Andie's counter.

BLANE
You know what? You're not so bad.

ANDIE
Thank you.

TB

BLANE
You know what I mean.

ANDIE
I know what you mean. It's so insane that someone you don't know, never met, never talked to can be your enemy.

BLANE
We haven't even gotten to parents yet.

ANDIE
There's no problem on my end. I only got one and he's cool.

BLANE
You don't want to know mine.

ANDIE
Okay.

BLANE
I think they still believe in arranged marriages. Corporate families replace royal families. I'm the crown prince of McDonnough Electric.

Andie kisses Blane's cheek.

ANDIE
Irrelevant.

BLANE
No.

ANDIE
Yes.

She kisses his lips.

ANDIE
Yes.

BLANE
I just tell them to go to hell.

ANDIE
Tell them to go to hell.

BLANE
Friends, parents...

TB

ANDIE
Everybody.

BLANE
What about you?

ANDIE
If somebody doesn't believe in me, I can't believe in them.

She kisses him again.

BLANE
You're not lying, are you?

ANDIE
I don't have to lie.

She kisses him.

ANDIE
I live on the outside. There's something to be said for having nothing.

He kisses her.

BLANE
Nothing's going to change my mind, Andie. This is going to happen. Nothing stops it.

He puts his arms around and kisses her. AN OMINOUS CHORD FADES UP. They fall back on the grass.

CANDELABRA

The breeze picks up and blows the candles out. THE CHORD BUILDS. GETTING STRONGER AND LOUDER AND MORE DAMNED.

EXT. STEFF'S HOUSE

Cars are still parked outside. The lawn's a mess of trash, booze bottles and beer cans. THE MUSIC REACHES PEAK AND FADES.

INT. LIBRARY

A splendid walnut library. Steff's behind the massive desk. Blane's sitting on a leather couch on the wall. The room is filled with Blane's friends. It's like a trial.

STEFF
That was very uncool of you last night.

TB

BLANE
What's the big deal? I like her. As a matter of fact, I'm a little pissed at all of you guys for being so low to her.

STEFF
It was way out of order for you to foist her on the party.

BLANE
Can you hear yourself, Steff? Do you hear the same asshole shit I'm hearing?

Steff lights a cigarette.

STEFF
Do I have to spell it out for you?

BLANE
I guess.

STEFF
Nobody appreciates your sense of humor. In fact, everybody's just about to puke from you. If you've got a hard-on for trash, don't take care of it around us.

Blane swallows the lump rising in his throat.

BLANE
Is money all that matters to you?

STEFF
(with a laugh)
Would I treat my parents house like this if money was any kind of issue?

Steff gets up from the chair. He walks around to the front of the desk.

STEFF
I'm getting bored with this conversation, If you want your little piece of low-grade ass, take it. But if you do, that's it. You won't have a friend. Me included.

Blane looks around the room at his friends.

HIS POV

SLOW PAN across tough, cold young faces.

TB

BLANE

He finds not a single supporter.

STEFF

He gets up from the desk.

STEFF
I'm being real nice about this, Blane.
It could get alot worse. Trust me.

He looks at the other guys. He exits. A beat and the others file out leaving Blane alone.

CU. BLANE

The circuits are all blown. The same DOOMED STING is struck.

INT. MALL. WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE

Andie's browsing in a high-tone women's clothing store. She's looking at the dresses. She feels uncomfortable in the place. She finds something that interests her. A SALES GIRL approaches her.

SALES GIRL
Can I help you?

Andie stiffens with nerves. She shakes her head, no.

SALES GIRL
Something for Prom?

Andie shakes her head, no.

SALES GIRL
If you need anything...

Andie smiles. The sales girl backs away, looking at Andie from head to toe. She shakes her head, puzzled, and moves on to another customer. Andie waits until she's gone before she lifts the price tag.

CLOSE-UP. PRICE TAG

It reads $650.

CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

She does a double take at the price of the gown. She takes a deep breath and moves on.

TB

INT. STORE. DRESSING ROOMS

Benny and a couple of her girl friends come out of the dressing room in Prom gowns. Their mothers are waiting.

ANDIE

She sees the girls and steps back, out of sight.

BENNY

She models the dress with disgust. Her mother likes it.

BENNY
It sucks.

MOTHER
It's very becoming.

BENNY
Oh, please, mother.

She walks over to the rack where Andie was looking.

ANDIE

She sees Benny coming toward her. She turns to exit and sees Rick's girl friend coming in. She's trapped. Benny walks to the rack and without looking at the price, yanks off the dress Andie was looking at. Andie presses against the wall. Benny catches her out of the corner of her eye and turns to her. Benny looks her up and down.

BENNY
(catty)
Prom?

CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

She doesn't react. She just holds her expression.

CLOSE-UP. BENNY

She shakes her head at Andie.

BENNY
You gotta be kidding. Really.

INT. STORE

Andie slips off the wall and hurries out. She catches her purse on a rack of shoes and knocks it over. She tries to catch it but only scatters the shoes more. She tosses an embarrassed smile to the service desk and throws up her arms.

TB

INT. WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE. SAME TIME

A low-end clothing store. Opens racks and tables. Mothers and daughters picking out clothes. A sort of "DRESSES 'R US".

INT. STORE. JACK

He's sitting outside the dressing room. He's very uncomfortable in the store. This is not his arena. A voice is talking to him from inside the dressing room.

SALES LADY (OC)
I've never had anyone buy a Prom dress as a surprise.

Jack nervously toys with his hat.

SALES LADY (OC)
I've also never modeled a dress before. But if you think your daughter's my size then we should be in good shape.

Jack nods even though she can't see him.

JACK
She loves pink.

SALES LADY (OC)
What young lady doesn't?

Jack shrugs.

SALES LADY (OC)
This is a lovely item. I like it very much. It's got a real young feel. Ready?

Jack straightens up. The dressing room door opens.

INT. STORE. DRESSING ROOM DOOR

A middle-aged SALES LADY steps out wearing a pink floor length formal. It's depressingly out of date, cheap, over-designed and on the pudgy sales lady, obviously much too big for Andie.

SALES LADY
And an absolute steal at $49.95.

EXT. MALL. TRAX. BACKDOOR

Iona comes out of the store and locks up. She turns on the alarm and heads for the parking lot. As she walks, she senses danger. She picks up her pace. Walks faster. She

TB

throws a look over her shoulder. As she comes back around, she halts and screams.

CU. JACK

He's stepped in front of Iona.

JACK
Iona?

EXT. MALL. IONA AND JACK

Iona flies into a kung-fu-like stance and shrieks. Jack rears back. He has the dress in a plastic bag.

IONA
Touch me and I'll split your sternum! I'll rip your arm off and beat you with it!

JACK
It's okay! It's okay!

IONA
Who are you?

JACK
Andie's father.

Iona relaxes her stance.

IONA
Excuse me.

JACK
Geez, I didn't mean to frighten you.

IONA
(suddenly worried)
Is everything okay? With Andie?

JACK
Oh, sure. Sure. I was in the area and I'd never met you. Andie talks about you alot. I thought I'd stick around and say hello.

IONA
Oh. Well, hello.

She offers her hand to Jack. He takes it warmly.

JACK
Do you have a minute?

TB

IONA
Sure.

Jack leans against a parked car. Iona slides in next to him.

JACK
Andie has this Prom coming up.

IONA
Yeah.

JACK
She say anything about a dress?

IONA
Nothing in particular.

JACK
She likes pink doesn't she?

IONA
Slightly.

JACK
She looks pretty in pink.

Iona nods.

JACK
Her mother looked pretty in pink. Whenever Andie used to look through my old pictures...
(aside)
Andie's mother doesn't live with us.

Iona nods. She knows.

JACK
Yeah. When she'd look at the pictures she'd always focus in on Catherine's dress. Prom dress.
(aside)
Catherine was her mother.
(corrects himself)
Is her mother. I guess.
(pause)
Andie told you about her mother?

Iona nods again.

JACK
Right. Andie didn't really get to know her. She never really asked, either. I figured she didn't care or she just wanted to keep her feelings to herself.

IONA
She doesn't want to hurt you.

JACK
Huh?

IONA
She's afraid if she talks about your wife, it'll upset you.

Jack thinks for a moment. He's learned something about Andie he didn't know. He nods.

JACK
I guess that's the way she is. You have children?

IONA
(shakes her head, no)
The mood hasn't hit me yet.

JACK
It's good and it's bad. Good for all the obvious reasons. Bad because when they're all grown-up you realize how much you didn't do.
(pause)
I never did much for Andie. When my wife walked out I just never got over it. I felt so sorry for myself, I never stopped to think what I might be doing to Andie.

IONA
Whatever you did, it worked. I don't know anybody better than Andie.

JACK
Whatever she's got. Whatever she did, she did alone.

IONA
That's bullshit. She wouldn't love you like she does if there wasn't something good going on in your house.

JACK
She runs the house, too.

TB

Jack is touched by what Iona's told him. He has to change the subject or go to pieces.

JACK
I didn't want to corner you into listening to my tale of woe. I really just wanted your opinion.

He picks up the bag with the dress in it.

JACK
I know how important this Prom is to Andie and I know what a cheapskate she is. She'd rather die than blow money on a dress. So I bought one for her. I wanted to run it by you to see if you think she's gonna like it.

He hands Iona the bag. She has a feeling it's going to be awful. She opens looks in the bag. Her fears are confirmed.

JACK
You wanna take it out?

IONA
I think...I think she's gonna... like it.

JACK
Be honest.

IONA
What can she say? It's her color.

Iona closes the bag and hands it back to Jack.

JACK
I'm not gonna keep you any longer. I appreciate this. I really do. It was an honor meeting you.

He holds out his hand. Iona takes it. They shake.

JACK
Andie's got good taste in friends.

IONA
I wouldn't go that far.

JACK
Can I give you a lift somewhere?

IONA
Thanks but somebody's picking me up.

TB

Iona walks into the parking lot and gets into a Mercedes. Jack watches her. He takes a look at the dress.

EXT. ANDIE'S HOUSE

It's night. The lights are on.

INT. ANDIE'S BEDROOM

She's sitting on the bed, talking on the phone. She's disappointed.

ANDIE
If he calls or comes home, will you tell him to call Andie? Thanks.

She hangs up the phone and lays back in the bed. She stares at the ceiling.

ANDIE
Where the hell is he?

She turns up her blaster and invites Flip up on the bed with her. She hugs him.

EXT. HOUSE. DRIVEWAY

Jack pulls in and parks. He gets out with the shopping bag. He drags his tired ass into the house.

INT. ANDIE'S BEDROOM

She smiles at the dog.

ANDIE
Don't fall in love, Flip. It's very complicated. You won't like it.

INT. KITCHEN

Jack comes in. He takes off his old overcoat.

JACK
Andie?

He walks across the kitchen into the living room.

INT. ANDIE'S ROOM

She's petting Flip. Jack knocks.

ANDIE
Come in.

Jack looks in.

TB

JACK
Baby?

ANDIE
Hi, Daddy.

JACK
I want to show you something.

INT. HALLWAY

Jack quickly straightens the dress he's holding on a hanger. He gets it just so and pushes open the door.

INT. ANDIE'S ROOM

Jack walks in with the dress. He's smiling as wide as he can. Andie's bewildered.

ANDIE
What is it?

JACK
It's for you. For your Prom.

It's like a knife goes through Andie's heart. She looks up at Jack, not knowing what to say.

JACK
Your Mom wore pink to her Prom.

Andie nods. If she speaks, she'll cry and she doesn't want him to know how badly she feels for him.

JACK
And she looked beautiful.

Andie looks back at the dress. He leans over and kisses the top of her head. He starts for the door. He gives her a wink and exits.

CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

Tears roll down her cheeks. She bites her lip.

ANDIE
Why'd you have to do it?

EXT. SCHOOL

It's the begining of a new week. Morning.

INT. HALLWAY

Andie's standing in the crowded hallway. Kids come and go.

TB

She stands still in the center of the hall. She's waiting. Her face is hard and determined. All we hear is the thundering roar of a passing period.

INT. HALLWAY. OTHER END

Blane and Steff come out of a class. Steff's joking, laughing. Blane's sober and quiet. He bids Steff farewell and heads up the hall toward Andie. He acknowledges friends as he works his way up the hall. He looks ahead and sees Andie.

HIS POV

Andie's at the far end of the hall, looking down at him.

BLANE

He slows down. He blanches. Guilt.

INT. HALLWAY

The hall begins to thin out as the passing period nears it's end. Blane moves slowly toward Andie. He can't hold his focus on her. He has to keep turning his eyes to the floor. She does not flinch. All but a few kids are left hurrying down the hall. The bell rings. Blane nervously closes the distance between them.

CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

She holds her stare on Blane.

CLOSE-UP. BLANE

He still can't look at her for any length of time. He tries a smile.

BLANE AND ANDIE

There's a foot between them. Andie remians firm and still. Blane shuffles, moves his head, his eyes travel on and off her. They speak it's in taut, confined tones.

BLANE
How are you?

ANDIE
You didn't call all weekend.

BLANE
I'm really sorry. I got nailed for lifting the golf cart at the club...

Andie doesn't buy it for a moment.

TB

ANDIE
I called you three times. I left messages.

BLANE
My family's kind of irresponsible when it comes to things like that.

ANDIE
I waited for you this morning.

BLANE
You did? Where?

ANDIE
Parking lot.

Blane feigns ignorance.

BLANE
Really?

ANDIE
I saw you and I think you saw me.

Blane shakes his head, no.

ANDIE
What about Prom, Blane?

INT. HALLWAY

Blane leans against a locker. Andie doesn't move.

BLANE
This is such a terrible day...

ANDIE
What about Prom?

BLANE
I'm really late for class. Can we meet after school?

He pushes off the locker and takes a step back.

ANDIE
No! What about Prom?

Blane exhales loud and hard.

BLANE
This isn't the time or the place to talk.

TB

He reaches out for her hand. She pulls it away.

ANDIE
Say it, Blane.

BLANE
Say what?

ANDIE
Say it!

BLANE
Andie, please...

He looks her straight in the eye. He takes a deep breath.

BLANE
About a month ago I asked somebody else. And I forgot and...

Andie throws her hand out and shoves Blane into the lockers.

ANDIE
You're a liar!

Blane is stunned by her attack and the ease with which she saw through his story.

ANDIE
You're a filthy, goddamn, no good liar. You don't have the guts to tell me the truth!

BLANE
(weak)
I'm not lying.

She crashes him into the locker again.

ANDIE
TELL ME THE TRUTH!

She hits him in the chest.

ANDIE
TELL ME!

BLANE
Forget it!

Andie slaps his face.

BLANE
Stop it!

TB

She draws back to hit him again. He grabs her wrist.

ANDIE
TELL ME!

INT. CLASSROOM

Students look up from work and listen to the arguement in the hall. The teacher moves to the door.

INT. HALLWAY

Andie rips her wrist free and slaps Blane.

ANDIE
TELL ME! I WANNA HEAR YOU SAY IT!

BLANE
NO!

Teachers come out of their classrooms, students crowd the doorways.

CLOSE-UP. ANDIE

Her eyes are wild with rage. She's breathing heavy. Her teeth are clenched.

CLOSE-UP. BLANE

He's white with fear and shock. He closes his eyes as Andie slaps him again.

INT. HALLWAY

Mr. Donnelly pushes through the crowd.

MR. DONNELLY
Andie!

INT. HALLWAY. BLANE AND ANDIE

She doesn't acknowledge Mr. Donnelly. She pushes back from Blane.

ANDIE
YOU'RE ASHAMED TO BE SEEN WITH ME!
YOU'RE ASHAMED TO GO OUT WITH ME.
YOU'RE AFRAID! YOU'RE TERRIFED THAT YOUR RICH FRIENDS WON'T APPROVE!

Blane shakes his head, no.

TB

BLANE
No, Andie. No. I'm sorry.

ANDIE
TELL ME IT'S TRUE!

She grabs his hair and holds his head to the locker.

ANDIE
SAY IT!

She twists the hair.

ANDIE
SAY IT!

BLANE
YES!

She releases him and backs away.

BLANE
It's true! I'm sorry!

Andie backs away from him.

BLANE
Can I explain?

Andie turns to the crowd and glares at them. She heaves her books down the hall at them and walks off.

BLANE
(yells after her)
It's not about you!

Blane fights back his tears. He straightens his hair and looks at the stunned, silent crowd. He takes a breath and walks away.

MR. DONNELLY

He bows his head and rubs his neck. He leans down and collects one of her books. He looks back down the hall.

CU. STEFF

He's standing in a doorway. An evil, satisfied smile spreads across his lips. He's won.

DUCKIE

He's along the wall. He's seen and heard the whole thing. Blane walks past. Duckie turns and looks back at Andie. Then he pushes off the locker and follows Blane.

TB

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY

Blane's sitting on a window bench. Steff's standing across the hall, leaing against the wall.

STEFF
Forget it, man. It's not worth getting upset over.

BLANE
Just take off, okay? I don't need any more shit from you.

STEFF
Any girl that did that to me, I wouldn't be too jazzed to hold onto.

Blane looks up at him. He gets up and heads off down the hall.

STEFF
It's not worth it Blane. I told you it wouldn't work.

Blane ignores him. He keeps on walking.

STEFF
She was, is and will always be nothing.

Blane exits the school. Steff pushes off the wall. He looks down the hall. Down the other way.

HIS POV

Duckie's standing at the end of the hall.

STEFF

He starts up the hall, toward Duckie.

STEFF
You got a problem, dwarf?

DUCKIE

He watches Steff approaching. He starts walking toward Steff.

STEFF

He keeps coming.

TB

CU. DUCKIE

His face is hard and angry. His eyes are set and filled with rage. He starts walking faster. He breaks into a run.

CU. STEFF

He stops. A flash of fear.

CU. DUCKIE

He's running flat out. He screams.

INT. HALLWAY

Duckie throws himself into Steff. The two boys hit the floor. Duckie explodes. Screaming, punching, kicking. An insane rage. Steff tries to cover up. Classroom doors burst open and teachers spill out. Two MALE TEACHERS descend on Duckie and tear him off Steff. They heave Duckie into the lockers. Duckie slams his fist into a locker and takes off down the hall.

CU. STEFF

He uncovers his face and looks down the hall. He's taken all the punches. Delivered none. The clear loser.

HIS POV

Duckie leaps and tears down a Prom banner as he flees down the hall.

EXT. CHINATOWN

Iona's building. Evening.

INT. BUILDING. HALLWAY

Andie's at Iona's door. She's waiting. A MAN in his mid-thirties, wearing a suit and tie, a hip suit and tie, opens the door. Clean, healthy human male. Andie's surprised. She thinks she's at the wrong apartment.

MAN

Andie?

Andie's startled that he knows her name.

MAN

You're Andie?

ANDIE

Yeah. How do you know me?

TB

MAN
Iona told me. Come on in.

INT. IONA'S APARTMENT

Andie steps in, still baffled by the man.

MAN
I'm Terrance.

He offers his hand. Andie takes it cautiously.

ANDIE
Hi.

TERRANCE
She's in the bedroom, getting ready. Why don't you go tell her to shake a tail feather. We're late.

Andie nods and backs away toward the bedroom.

INT. IONA'S BEDROOM

Andie peeks in.

ANDIE
Iona?

IONA (OC)
In here.

Andie steps in. Iona comes out of the bathroom.

CU. ANDIE

Her eyes open wide in surprise.

CU. IONA

She's beautiful. Soft, feminine, normal. Gone are the extremes, the harshness, the anger. She's wearing a dress. Normal. New. She smiles.

IONA
Laugh and I'll deck you.

ANDIE

She looks Iona up and down.

ANDIE
What happened?

TB

INT. BEDROOM

Iona crosses to Andie. She gives her a kiss.

IONA
Either I fell in love or it's all those drugs I took in the sixties coming back on me. What do think. Honestly?

ANDIE
You look great.

IONA
I look like a mother.

ANDIE
Kinda. But that's okay. You look happy.

IONA
I am. It's weird but I really think I am. You met Terrance?

Andie nods.

IONA
He's a Yuppie. But he's so nice. And he's heterosexual and employed. I'm so far ahead of the game, I can't tell you. Next time you see me, I may be picking out baby names.

Andie laughs softly. Iona tips her chin up.

IONA
You alright?

Andie nods. If she talks she may cry.

IONA
No, you're not. What is it?

Andie shakes her head.

IONA
Am I blowing your mind? Just the outside's changed, Andie. I'm still nuts inside.

Andie smiles at her. She sniffles.

IONA
Uh, oh. Boy trouble?

Andie answers with her eyes.

TB

IONA
The worst?

ANDIE
Way beyond. He backed out on me. He said he asked somebody and forgot about it.

IONA
Oh, shit. I'm so sorry.

ANDIE
It's okay.

Iona hugs her. Andie takes it and breaks the embrace.

ANDIE
You know how you told me that if I wanted your Prom dress, I could have it?

IONA
Yeah. But...

ANDIE
I need it, Iona. I want it.

IONA
Sure, it's yours, but why?

ANDIE
I just need it.

Iona knows Andie doesn't need anymore questions.

ANDIE
I love you.

IONA
It's mutual, hon.

She pulls Andie to her and squeezes.

IONA
Get it cleaned. It smells like 20 year-old Budweiser.

Andie breaks up.

CU. ANDIE'S BEDROOM DOOR

It flies open.

TB

INT. ANDIE'S ROOM. CLOSET

Iona's dress is yanked off a hook.

INT. ANDIE'S ROOM

She throws the pink dress on the bed and peels off her t-shirt.

INT. MEN'S STORE

Blane's looking at himself in a mirror. He's wearing a new sportcoat. Kate gives her approval. Blane nods. There's no excitement on his part. It's routine.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE. DISPLAY CASE

Andie's looking through the glass case at a display of cheap costume jewelry. She points to a piece that suits her fancy.

INT. BATHROOM

Iona's cutting Andie's hair. She's wincing as Iona restyles her hair.

CLOSE-UP. FLIP

He watches the hair cutting. A slice of wet hair drops on his nose. He stares at it.

INT. BEDROOM

Andie takes a pair of shears to the dress.

CLOSE-UP. DRESS

Andie cuts the collar off.

CLOSE-UP. DRESS

The shears slice up the side.

CLOSE-UP. DRESS

Andie rips the material with her hands.

CLOSE-UP. DRESS

Andie sews a charm on the sleeve.

CLOSE-UP. MIRROR

Andie's putting on lipstick. Flip is up on the counter, next to Andie, looking in the mirror.

TB

EXT. KATE'S HOUSE

A lake front mansion on a dozen acres. Steff, Benny and Blane get out of Steff's father's Jaguar. They're dressed and ready to go.

INT. KATE'S HOUSE. FOYER

Kate's parents greet Steff, Benny and Blane.

INT. HOUSE. STAIRCASE

At the top of a winding staircase is Kate. She's in a designer gown. She smiles and does a mock pose.

BLANE

He looks passively at her. Steff pokes him and winks, indicating that he thinks Kate looks hot. Steff savors his victory.

INT. ANDIE'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM

Jack has loaded his camera with film and a flash cube. He sets it down on the table. The flash goes off.

MUSIC OUT

Jack picks up the camera and looks at it.

JACK

Shit.

ANDIE (OC)

Daddy?

Jack looks up. He smiles. Looks back at the camera. Snaps back.

JACK

Oh, my Lord.

He stands up.

HIS POV

Andie's standing in the doorway. We see what she's done to the dress. It's genius. Her new look is staggering. Beauty that does not belong at a high school Prom. She smiles.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jack's shocked. He doesn't even notice that the dress barely resembles the one he gave her. For the first time he

TB

sees his little girl as a woman. He walks to her and kisses her. She holds him tight.

ANDIE
I love you, Daddy.

JACK
Not as much as I love you.

One more squeeze and they break the embrace.

JACK
Look at you. My, God!

ANDIE
Don't embarrass me, Daddy.

JACK
When your guy walks in that door, he's gonna die.

Andie's smile fades. She shakes her head.

ANDIE
No, he won't.

JACK
Like hell...

ANDIE
He won't because he's not coming.

JACK
What?

ANDIE
He's not coming, Daddy. He backed out on me. His friends pressured him into it. He's not very strong.

JACK
What do his friends have against you?

ANDIE
Nothing. It's just high school. It's okay.

JACK
Who the hell do they think they are?

ANDIE
It doesn't matter who they think they are. This is just the way things are.

TB

Jack looks at his shoes. He taps his foot as he bridles his anger.

ANDIE
I'm gonna go.

Jack stares at her. He's completely perplexed.

ANDIE
Daddy, I wanna do it. I'm not sad about it. I'm not hurt.
(qualifies her remark)
I mean, I am hurt, a little, but this is something I have to do. If I don't do it, I'll feel alot worse. Okay? I'm fine. I'm just fine. I'll go, I'll walk in and I'll come home.

JACK
What's the point?

ANDIE
To let them know they didn't break me.

Jack nods. He admires her for facing something that he'd probably run from. She kisses his cheek.

ANDIE
I want them to know I'm proud of who I am. I'm proud of where I come from. I'm proud of you.

Jack looks away. He bites his lip to keep from crying.

ANDIE
I know about your job.

Jack looks at her.

ANDIE
I knew you were lying before.

JACK
I'm sorry, Andie. I just couldn't...

ANDIE
I know you took another job. I know it's not what you want or like. I know you're trying. And I know it isn't easy. That's all that matters to me.

TB

JACK
Don't build me up, Andie. I'm doing nothing but trying to right a few of my wrongs. I don't deserve praise for doing what should come natural. I let alot of time slip away. Alot of time. I owe you, Andie. And I swear on my life I'll be good for it.

ANDIE
You don't owe me anything, Daddy. I love the life we have. Nobody could possibly understand but me.

Jack grabs her and holds her close.

JACK
I love you, kid.

ANDIE
I know.

She breaks the embrace. She kisses his cheek. She picks up her car keys and heads for the door.

JACK
Andie!

Andie turns around.

JACK
(big grin)
Kick 'em in the ass!

Jack makes a fist. Andie smiles from ear to ear.

EXT. HOTEL

A large, downtown hotel on a Saturday night.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

A splendid old ballroom in an elegant downtown hotel. A dance band is playing. The room is crowded with Prom couples. East kids. There isn't a freak kid in the place. There never is.

INT. BALLROOM. TABLE

Blane and Kate and Steff and Benny are at a table.

STEFF
As soon as anybody's ready to go upstairs and get serious, let me know.

TB

BENNY
We just got here.

STEFF
We can go up and come back down, you know.

KATE
Did you guys look at the suite?

STEFF
It's okay.

KATE
Just okay?

STEFF
It's 500 bucks a night. It's not going to be palatial.

Kate opens her purse and takes out a silver flask. She spikes hers and Blane's drink.

KATE
Who wants to go upstairs when there's still so many dresses to cut up down here?

She laughs and toasts Blane. He forces a smile and returns the toast.

EXT. HOTEL

Andie's old Toyota pulls up in front of the hotel. A VALET opens the door for her. She gets out, takes the parking stub and heads inside. The valet studies all the way in.

INT. HOTEL MEZZANINE

Andie walks down the long hallway. We HEAR THE SOUND OF MUSIC spilling from the ballroom. Andie slows down. She stops, thinks hard about whether or not she really wants to go through with it. She fights back the tears. She takes a step back. She's on the verge of bolting. She can't find the strength to keep going. She lets out her breath and her shoulders drop. She's lost her nerve.

ANDIE
I can't... Shit...

She gently brushes away a tear with her middle finger.

ANDIE
Goddamn it!

TB

She turns to leave, takes a step stops. Looks down the hall.

HER POV

At the other end of the mezzanine is a boy. Tall, lean, striking. In a sleek black tux, hair swept back, sunglasses.

CU. ANDIE

She peers hard down the mezzanine.

CU. BOY

He peels off the sunglasses. And reveals himself as Duckie. The ridiculous geek transformed. The goof becomes a throb.

CU. ANDIE

It's like she's stricken. There he was all that time. His beauty buried under the strange clothes, the weird behavior. All the devotion shit was real.

ANDIE
(to herself)
My, God...

She starts to cry.

CU. DUCKIE

He smiles and moves toward her.

INT. HOTEL. MEZZANINE

Andie breaks into a run.

ANDIE
Duckie!

So does Duckie. They meet in the middle of mezzanine. She throws herself into his arms. He lifts her off her feet and swings her around. He sets her down.

ANDIE
What happened?

DUCKIE
You're looking at it.

ANDIE
I can't belive this.

DUCKIE
You look stunning. Simply breath-taking.

TB

She laughs and grabs him and kisses him.

DUCKIE
I want you to know that despite the new coiffure and the duds, I remain, the Duck Man.

He points to his feet. Andie looks down.

HER POV

Duckie's grotesque sneakers.

DUCKIE AND ANDIE

She laughs and kisses him again.

ANDIE
May I admire you?

DUCKIE
If you wish.

He offers his arm. They start down the hall to ballroom.

DUCKIE
This thing is so uncomfortable...

She laughs.

INT. BALLROOM

Kids are on the dance floor slow daning. Kate has her head on Blane's shoulder. Steff has his hands on Benny's ass. It's very genteel and proper.

INT. BALLROOM. ENTRANCE

Andie and Duckie walk into the ballroom.

DUCKIE
You okay?

ANDIE
No.

DUCKIE
Good.

They walk in. People electing not dance watch Duckie and Andie enter.

INT. BALLROOM. DANCE FLOOR

Andie and Duckie step up to the edge of the dance floor.

People who see them, stop dancing.

BLANE AND KATE

Blane sees Andie. He stops dancing. He's stunned by her presense and her beauty. Kate looks at Andie, then at Blane. She's as shocked as he.

ANDIE

She looks across the dance floor, not focusing on anybody.

DUCKIE

He looks at Andie and smiles.

STEFF AND BENNY

They stop dancing and look at Andie and Duckie.

INT. BALLROOM

All actitivity on the dance floor has stopped. People are just standing still, looking at Andie and Duckie.

INT. BALLROOM. BAND

They stop playing.

ANDIE AND DUCKIE

They stand proud in the silent ballroom. All eyes on them.

BLANE

He leaves Kate and walks across the floor to Andie.

ANDIE AND BLANE

Blane looks at her. She looks at him.

BLANE
You look great.

Andie doesn't respond.

BLANE
You don't want to hear me say
I'm sorry, do you?

Andie shakes her head no. Blane nods. He understands. He can live with it. He offers his hand to Duckie. Duckie looks at it. Then at Blane. He takes it and shakes. Blane smiles at them both and backs away.

INT. BALLROOM

Andie takes Duckie's hand and walks him on the dance floor. The crowd separates and opens a large circle. Andie and Duckie stand at the center of the floor. Andie takes Duckie in her arms. She looks at the band leader.

BAND LEADER

He turns back to his band and they begin again.

DUCKIE

He's terrified.

DUCKIE

I can't dance.

ANDIE

Either can I.

DUCKIE

Are we crazy?

ANDIE

Completely.

Andie takes a deep breath and starts dancing. Duckie follows clumsily. A few steps and they get in step. They dance without shame or concern for what anybody thinks.

BLANE

He turns back to watch Andie and Duckie.

STEFF AND BENNY

They glare at the new couple. Steff can't hide the anger he feels at being outdone by Duckie.

KATE

She glowers at Blane for his gesture to Duckie and Andie. He could care less.

ANDIE AND DUCKIE

They look at each other and smile. Duckie laughs. Andie squeezes him tight and lifts him off his feet.

FREEZE

MUSIC AND TITLES

Script Department

THE END